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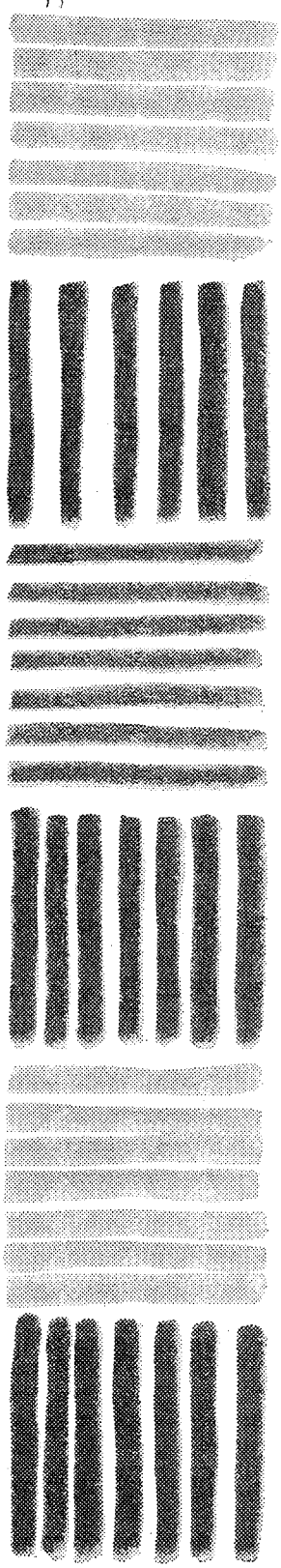

Odds on Freedom

A Gambler's Choice in Georgia

Peter de Lissovoy

CIA: THE CASE BUILDS UP

Fred J. Cook

WHEN ISRAEL TURNS THE TAP

Lou Seligson

Reviews and Comment

BRAZIL'S CONTINUING REVOLUTION, CHILDREN'S NON-BOOKS, RUSSIAN WRITER ABROAD, OZU'S FILMS, JAZZ

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LETTERS

Disaster area

Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: If one interprets present Negro-white relations in this country to be bordering on explosive violence, then certain immediate dramatic actions must be taken by the federal government to change the atmosphere to one in which the Negro citizenry can have reason to believe that real progress is taking place in their fight for civil rights.

One action which should be taken *this summer* by the federal government would be to declare, as a beginning, the Harlem section of Manhattan a disaster area. Using his emergency powers, the President could inject massive emergency funds (similar to those allocated during earthquakes, floods and other emergency situations) into Harlem. These funds, to be most effective, should be used to overhaul the educational system in this section of Manhattan and in addition to establish an "educational park" which would straddle a Negro-white area. This educational park could be designed by the best brains in the field of education in this country and could be staffed with outstanding teachers on a rotating basis. This would provide, almost immediately, a high-quality education to the people in this area, as well as show them concrete progress in civil rights action on a grand scale.

This same action could be initiated consecutively in the various "trouble" cities throughout the country. . . . The great concern of many persons is that . . . if dramatic action is not initiated *now* many innocent people will suffer the consequences of the violence which seems to be hovering over our land like a cloud.

Steve M. Slaby, Chairman
Department of Graphics and
Engineering Drawing
Princeton University

Bolton pays off

New York City

Dear Sirs: The 15-year-old New York City Democratic Reform Movement, which scored such striking victories in the June 2 primary, constitutes an attempt to structure political activity in terms of some of Charles Bolton's proposed solutions ("Anatomy of a New Politics," *The Nation*, May 25).

Operating from an educated middle-class base, which Professor Bolton correctly finds essential (his term "affluent people" is mildly misleading), it seeks to overcome the difficulty of interesting potential members in politics by popularizing party activity as a form of voluntary association. It has introduced ideology at all political levels from the district leader up, and has related party functions to government decision making.

Although the Reformers are pictured as perennial underdogs, their tactics are in tune with emerging trends in our society, and promise continued success.

James S. Ottenberg

Invigorated female

Bellmawr, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Hurray for George Kirstein's glimpse into Utopia in "The Day the Ads Stopped" (*The Nation*, June 1). This is the kind of thinking we need, not little pussyfooting half-steps and timid nudges! I for one would like to take up the challenge, and hereby invite responses from other invigorated females. "Stop lying!" What a rallying cry! Think where you can use it—from the aisles at Macy's to the very White House portals. . . .

Jeanne S. Bagby

Hate's public subsidy

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs: Fred J. Cook in "Hate Clubs of the Air" (*The Nation*, May 25) mentions the radio and television program, Citizens' Council Forum. However, he neglects to say that this program is largely financed by the Mississippi State Sovereignty Commission, an official, tax-supported state government body. As of mid-May, the commission has given the Citizens' Council Forum $174,000. At present 400 radio and television stations carry the weekly program.

Jerry DeMuth

Hoover fund

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Many Americans believe that J. Edgar Hoover's incumbency has been a national calamity. That the President—instead of eagerly taking advantage of Hoover's reaching retirement age—chose to continue him in office is a profound disservice to the nation. Why, therefore, cannot Americans conduct a referendum on this Executive action as we often do on legislative actions?

I propose that this referendum take the following form: Let us ask each American who believes that Hoover has worked long enough, to vote by contributing $1 to a retirement fund to be given Hoover if he retires on Jan. 1, 1965. I estimate that patriotic Americans will contribute about $1 million for such a worthy cause. If Hoover refuses to depart from the FBI, this sum could be distributed to such organizations as SNCC, CORE, WISP and the National Committee to Abolish HUAC.

Raphael Konigsberg

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Mr. Johnson Flunks

Probably the most dependable test of a President's good intentions, and his ability to carry them out, is his choice of appointees. What he says in speeches and at press conferences may mean much or little, but his appointments speak for themselves. By this criterion the appointment of Hamer H. Budge to the Securities and Exchange Commission reflects no credit on President Johnson.

The law reads that no more than three members of one party shall have places on the five-man SEC; since three of the present commissioners are Democrats, Mr. Johnson had to select a Republican or independent for the vacancy left by Jack M. Whitney, 2nd. There are all sorts of Republicans, of course, and President Kennedy found enlightened men in the opposition party. President Johnson, on the contrary, has gone far into right field in naming Mr. Budge, who became a state judge in Idaho after serving ten years in the House of Representatives and suffering defeat in 1960. His record in Congress established him as a hard-core conservative, both in his voting record on the floor and as a member of the Interior, Appropriations and Rules committees. As one example, cited by *The Wall Street Journal*, the AFL-CIO tabulation of voting records in 1957 and 1958 shows Mr. Budge casting thirteen "wrong" votes on thirteen major bills.

The fact that a man is from Idaho, or the wide open spaces generally, does not necessarily disqualify him as a good SEC commissioner. Justice Douglas came from Washington and made a brilliant record on the SEC — but he had fine training, a brilliant law school record, and a demonstrated capacity for handling tough jobs in the public interest. Mr. Budge has had no experience in finance, industry, or stock exchange matters; his entire record is one of unbroken mediocrity, and his appointment to the SEC at a critical juncture is a bad augury not only for the agency but for the investing public.

There are rumors of impending resignations from the SEC as a result of the Budge appointment. Wall Street will like him, however. "He sounds like a good man to me," said one broker interviewed by the *Journal* reporter. "Mr. Budge ought to please the industry," said another.

The man most likely to be pleased, however, is Rep. Charles Halleck, the House minority leader. In Congress, Mr. Budge was a faithful friend and servitor of Mr. Halleck, who tried hard to get him a high appointment in the Kennedy administration when he became a lame duck. It was to no avail, but Mr. Johnson is apparently more eager to accommodate Mr. Halleck than was Mr. Kennedy.

The Budge appointment and the continuing uncertainty about the reappointment of Charles A. Ross to the Federal Power Commission (see *The Nation*, June 8, p. 566) demand the closest public attention to Mr. Johnson's future appointments—to the quasi-judicial agencies, the Cabinet, the courts (especially in the South) and wherever a vacancy occurs. A critical test will be the President's nominee to succeed Robert F. Kennedy, who has said that he will leave the post of Attorney General after November, whatever the outcome of the election. Mr. Kennedy's successor (there are rumors that the appointment will go to Governor Carl Sanders of Georgia) will be in a position to exert enormous influence on the administration of whatever civil rights legislation the Congress finally enacts.

The Visible CIA

Manuel Ray, who enjoys a reputation as the most impressive of the Cuban exile leaders, set out for Cuba to battle Fidel Castro to the death. He and seven fellow warriors, one a woman, ended up paying fines of $14 each in a Bahamas magistrate's court. After this furious engagement they were hustled back to Miami where, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, they were greeted by the splintered Cuban exile groups with "gloomy suspicion and chortling glee." As a rule, one Cuban exile hates another Cuban exile only slightly less than he hates Fidel Castro.

Since Ray fought Batista bravely as one of Castro's lieutenants and is the furthest to the Left of the exile leaders, this fiasco is of some interest. *Time* (June 12) says flatly that the eight were launched from a CIA-sponsored mother ship "that obligingly runs exiles to within striking distance of Cuba." A convenient spot for dropping them is the Anguilla Cays, only 40 miles off the Cuban coast. To be sure, Castro's minions are as aware of this location as the Cuban exiles, the British and the CIA. As a rendezvous, it is about as suitable as the lobby of the Pentagon would be for a recreant U.S. Army officer and the Russian ambassador. It may be unjust, but the suspicion arises that Ray, who is not the CIA's favorite Cuban exile leader, was double-crossed. He was captured by a British destroyer, assisted by two U.S. aircraft.

When *Time* asserts that the CIA engineered the Ray expedition it should know, for the American photographer who was a member of the Ray task force was on assignment for *Life* magazine. But there is further evidence that the CIA has learned nothing from the Bay of Pigs fiasco. The London *Times* of

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: issues will be dated July 13, July 27, Aug. 10 and Aug. 24.

JUN 18 '64

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May 27 reported on a Washington press conference of another exile group, led by Capt. Erneido A. Oliva, who was second in command of Brigade 2506 at the Bay of Pigs and who, the day before the press conference, had resigned from the U.S. Army and been placed in the inactive reserve.

The press conference, says the *Times* Washington correspondent, was attended by "several non-journalistic Americans, who wore what is known in Washington as the CIA uniform, tightly fitting suits and buttoned down collars. One of these remarked modestly that he was 'helping out the committee. . . .'" The *Time* account of the proceedings at Nassau jibes with the London *Times* account of the Washington press conference. ". . . a CIA type," says *Time*, "showed up, gave a different name to each newsman present and prepared to pay whatever fine was levied against the culprits, explaining that he was a 'friend.'"

Both England and the United States are fortunate to have a free press. Ours is not always as active as it might be, but as long as it functions at all, at least a part of the CIA remains visible. Like an iceberg, most of it is submerged, but it is impossible for it to hide completely. Impossible, that is, with its present mode of operation. If it would cut out the cloak-and-dagger stuff and confine itself to its proper intelligence-gathering functions, it could enjoy the secrecy it craves. But only Congress can bring about such a miracle.

D-Day at Cleveland

The Conference of Governors at Cleveland was almost totally eclipsed by the travail among the Republicans — to be or not to be with Barry. With its dignitaries behaving like punch-drunk prize fighters dancing ballet without an orchestra, confusion in the Grand Old Party reached a new high. The photographers did not miss their opportunity. In an Associated Press wirephoto Governor Romney, in close-up, looked as if he were about to burst into tears. In another picture he was smiling like a distressed child who has been consoled with a lollypop. Governor Scranton, on Romney's left, was also just managing to smile, while on Scranton's left Richard M. Nixon, non-Governor of California by the will of the people, contrived only to look sinister, the corners of his mouth curling upward. In still another photograph, General Eisenhower was walking with his Svengali, former Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey. Mr. Humphrey, an enigma wrapped in a mystery, had his face turned away from the camera; General Eisenhower seemed preoccupied — or, it may be, dazed.

There was reason for the mixed feelings depicted in the photographs — they arose from bosoms in turmoil. General Eisenhower, the fearless conqueror of Europe, had urged Scranton to stand up like a man and save the GOP from Bad Barry, and then in the gray light of the morning after had reversed himself and directed Scranton to do no such thing. The other candidates, or non-candidates begging for a draft, had been busy pushing one another into the Cow Palace arena to be dismembered by the Goldwater delegates in July. They were all looking for a "body." Barry might still be stopped, but the stopper would have to be prepared to lay down his political life. Afterwards some other, still living, Republican might succeed to the candidacy and, barring acts of God, join the honorable company of Alton B. Parker, John W. Davis, Alf Landon and other distinguished also-rans.

Nevertheless, the confusion at Cleveland had some important results. It made clear to the commanders of the GOP that Barry would be hard to stop on the first ballot; indeed, that this might prove impossible. At the same time the lack of rank-and-file support for the Senator became as clear as the fact that he was not a Communist. He will go into the convention with 600 delegates who will vote for him and several million staunch Republicans who will not. He will be supported by several thousand despairing Republican office-seekers who will be defeated, not so much by their opponents as by the head of the ticket. Mr. Nixon said that a coalition to stop Mr. Goldwater would so badly split the party that "whoever gets the nomination would find it wasn't worth anything at all." Maybe so, but a coalition is not required. Barry can split the party all by himself.

Under the Volcano

The suspension of former Brazilian President Juscelino Kubitschek's political rights for a period of ten years is not simply the last of a long series of measures taken against the Center and the Left in Brazil, including the ouster of President Goulart, the imprisonment of "leftist" governors and deputies, and the suspension of political rights for such reformers as Janio Quadros and Celso Furtado; rather it is a decisive step to the Right by the Brazilian "junta," which has now abandoned any pretense of holding a Center position. For two months the junta in Brasilia hesitated. Some elements thought that the purge should stop with the elimination of the "Communist threat." They would have liked the election scheduled for 1965 to oppose Kubitschek, representing the Center, against Carlos Lacerda, representing the Right. This would have preserved at least a façade of "democratic" elections. But having toppled three Presidents (Vargas, Quadros and Goulart), Lacerda was not in a sporting mood. No doubt he feared that Kubitschek might be able in 1965 to add a popular protest vote to his own moderate or Center support. Obviously, Lacerda — "the gray eminence of the April coup" — does not intend to put up with any nonsense from those who joined the coup at the last hour. With Kubitschek eliminated from the political scene, the path is now neatly laid out for Lacerda's "election" to the Presidency in 1965 — a Presidency that will not prevent and may well insure the revolutionary explosion that impends in Brazil (see "Brazil in Perspective" by Andrew Gunder Frank, *The Nation*, April 27, 1964).

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Still Another List

The spirit of Joe McCarthy lives so vividly at times as to give credibility to the dogma of reincarnation. One could almost have sworn it was ol' Joe standing up there in front of the Florida Federation of Women's Clubs, sounding that famous alarm once again: "I hold in my hands the names. . . ." But no, it wasn't Joe. It was the staff director of the Florida legislative investigation committee, telling the wide-eyed women that he knows the names of 123 teachers who are suspected homosexuals and that homosexuality is being allowed to "flourish" in the teaching profession.

In one foul swipe, he put Florida's 50,000 teachers under suspicion. Governor Farris Bryant, trying to down the specter of Florida's school children being molested in the cloakroom by their teachers, called for an immediate investigation. Florida knows only too well where this kind of investigation leads.

Legislators in the Sunshine State have had a strange preoccupation with homosexuality for nearly five years. The legislative investigation committee was originally set up to look into the state's racial problems, but in 1959 it switched over to hunting for Communist infiltration of state government and the university system. As with McCarthy, the legislators frequently saw communism as synonymous with homosexuality, and by 1961 the committee had moved into the study of homosexuals altogether. What a perverse field day they have had: calling university professors out of class to be interrogated, hiring an ex-convict woman to hang around bowling alleys to pick up Lesbians, coaxing students to report "queer traits" in their teachers.

After spending more than half a million dollars, the committee has two things to show for its work. First, it can point to a little purple-tinted pamphlet with the rather odd title, "Homosexuality and Citizenship in Florida," which went on the market for 25c a few weeks ago. It features a couple of erotic photos — men kissing, etc. — and an esoteric glossary. The governor refused to look at it. So many newspapers labeled the pamphlet obscene and revolting that it was sulkily withdrawn from sale.

Now comes the charge of 123 practicing homosexuals in the teaching profession. Note the impressively precise number: not "about 120" or "roughly 125," but 123 right on the nose. The only thing is, as with McCarthy's brandished dossiers, nobody has ever seen *this* list either.

The Solid Waste Headache

The United States is a growing and prosperous land (except for the poor, whose existence has recently been recognized), but all this good fortune brings grievous problems in its train. One is the disposal of solid waste, to be distinguished from liquid waste or sewage. Solid waste comprises garbage (putrescible waste); rubbish, such as paper, cartons, glass, etc.; ashes or residue of combustion; "special" wastes — a wide category that takes in masonry, plaster and other debris of building demolition and construction, dead animals, abandoned vehicles, rubber tires, tree stumps, and part of the output of sewage treatment plants and much else; and agricultural wastes, principally livestock manure. In the May 6 *Congressional Record*, Rep. John Lesinski of Michigan had something to say about the communal headache that solid wastes entail, and with which the householder who puts out the garbage does not concern himself. Mr. Lesinski has introduced HR 10807, the Solid Waste Disposal Act of 1964, the purpose of which is to get some order, hygiene and progress into this unpleasant business.

The management of solid wastes, although leaving much to be desired in the present state of the art, is a $3 billion-a-year enterprise, and is going to get bigger. In a report on "Solid Waste Handling in Metropolitan Areas," the Public Health Service says that total refuse production in the U.S. is running at the rate of 150 million tons a year, and by 1980 will have risen to 260 million tons a year. Where will it all go? At present, much of it is going into the wrong places — open garbage and refuse dumps that transmit disease by rodents and insects. Some of it is burned, some incinerated, some buried, some dumped at sea. There are also "sanitary" land fills, some of which are sanitary in name only. Ground disposal often contaminates water sources, burning pollutes the air. Moreover, what with the urban and suburban population expansion, the land set aside for these unsatisfactory practices is rapidly being converted into residential developments, which will produce still more waste, and so on.

Mr. Lesinski points out that solid waste disposal, unlike sewage disposal, has received a negligible amount of study. A progressive $3 billion-a-year industry might be expected to spend $100 million a year (about 3 per cent) on research, but refuse collection and disposal are local, fragmented and backward. Dr. J. E. McKee, professor of environmental health engineering at the California Institute of Technology, says that expenditure on research in solid waste management is about $200,000 a year in grants from the Public Health Service, and some odds and ends sponsored by other government agencies, universities, professional associations and private enterprise.

Yet the situation is not hopeless. There is in operation a $1 million pilot model of a machine that shreds or pulverizes a scrapped automobile in a matter of seconds, and separates the metal, rubber, glass and fibers mechanically. An experimental plant in California is said to convert ordinary mixed refuse into baled paper, charcoal briquettes, bales of iron scrap, gaseous fuel, compost and brick tile. There may be money in the efficient handling of solid wastes, but even if they are regarded only as something to be got rid of, the engineers had better get busy on the disposal problem. It is less thrilling than a trip to the moon by 1970, but may turn out to be a lot more urgent.

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CIA: The Case Builds Up . . . . . Fred J. Cook

The Central Intelligence Agency, our mammoth unregulated and almost unsupervised cloak-and-dagger agency, was created by President Harry S. Truman in 1947. Its purpose was to gather and assess all possible information about our cold-war enemies. It was supposed not to engage in the "black arts" (the fomenting of revolutions and the overthrow of foreign governments); but, if it did—and a loophole was left open so that it *could* — it would practice these deeds only on foreign soil.

All of these comfortable suppositions have been exposed by events as fantasies, but the nature of the CIA is such that we should not have needed the evidence of events to detect the illusion. For the CIA, by the very fact of its existence, cuts across the vital lines of power in the American political system and negates the assumptions on which that system operates. Ours is a government of checks and balances, controlled ultimately by the decisions of an informed electorate, but there are no effective checks even on the budget of the CIA and the citizen is powerless to learn what deeds it performs—not in his name, for names are never used — but with his money and with consequences for which he may have to answer.

Three years ago, when in *The Nation* I described this contradiction between our secret agency and our democratic system ("The CIA," June 24, 1961), a rain of brickbats came my way. Since then the evidence has been piling up, and the situation can now be discussed reasonably in responsible circles. Yet such is the apathy of our times that even today the self-evident truth that free men cannot assign their political proxies to faceless agents is only imperfectly appreciated.

Two new and excellent books may help to dispel the lingering fantasies. They are *The Invisible Government* by David Wise and Thomas B. Ross (Random House) and *The Bay of Pigs* by Haynes Johnson, containing the personal accounts of four leaders of the Cuban exile brigade (Norton). Both books are by highly capable journalists; both are written with a factual restraint that shuns polemics. But the facts with which they deal are in themselves polemical.

Wise and Ross see the cloak-and-dagger apparatuses we have spawned, with the CIA at the heart of the web, as a complex so powerful as to constitute a government in itself. Is this a feverish exaggeration? Sen. Richard Russell (D., Ga.), chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, a man who should know, has called the director of CIA the second most important official in American government. And Allen W. Dulles, the most powerful director the CIA ever had, once permitted himself an audible and revealing chuckle in a speech at Yale when he said: "There has never been a time in history . . . when intelligence has had as clear an opportunity to *get its view over* as it has had in this country in recent years. The National Security Act of 1947, creating the Central Intelligence Agency, has given intelligence a more influential position in our government than intelligence enjoys *in any other in the world.*" (Italics added.)

Wise and Ross put a lot of flesh on the bare bones of Dulles' statement. They draw attention, for example, to the "Special Group" (also known as the "54/12 Group"). Hardly an American outside the higher echelons of government has ever heard of the Special Group, and even Lyndon B. Johnson, Wise and Ross write, was only vaguely aware of its scope and influence until his eyes were opened during a special briefing a few hours after he became President. Operating from the Situation Room in a restricted command post deep in the White House basement, the Special Group brings together the key figures in what Wise and Ross call a $4 billion-a-year intelligence community. Its dominating figure is the director of CIA, and its other members are usually the Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, the Secretary and Deputy Secretary of Defense and a White House liaison man — in the Kennedy regime, McGeorge Bundy.

The supposition that the National Security Council or the U.S. Intelligence Board supervises and controls intelligence activities is a myth. As Haynes Johnson makes clear in *The Bay of Pigs*, the entire course of the Cuban debacle was shaped by the Special Group. Even President Eisenhower was apparently unaware of what was going on. Eisenhower had originally ordered the CIA to train Cuban refugees for guerrilla activities inside Cuba, and after the Bay of Pigs he stated flatly that the guerrilla program was all his administration had ever authorized. But as Johnson makes clear, the Special Group by an order issued November 4, 1960 (two days before the election that was to make Kennedy President) had scuttled the guerrilla plan and ordered full-scale invasion training. From that point on, for the two and a half months remaining of the Eisenhower administration, the Special Group concentrated on plans for an all-out invasion that would topple Fidel Castro. It appears now that the President was never let in on the secret.

When Kennedy took office, he was confronted with what amounted to a *fait accompli*. The invasion plans were perfected; he was given to understand that they had been drafted under the direction of his predecessor, a man of awesome military reputation. Kennedy was on the spot. During the election campaign, he had called for aggressive action to topple Castro. Now he was presented with the opportunity. If he turned back, he would have to pit his untested judgment against, presumably, that of Eisenhower and all the military experts—and he could be certain, as Wise and Ross point out, that the Special Group, with its powerful ties to ultraconservative leaders in Congress and the press, would leak the story of his weakness and timidity to the public. Still Kennedy hesitated. He asked assurances. He got them. The CIA virtually guaranteed that the invasion could not backfire. It told the President of an alternative plan. If the 1,500 invaders were unable to topple Castro at once, they would swing into the mountains and operate there as a powerful guerrilla force. Repeatedly, Kennedy was assured that the

Fred J. Cook's The FBI Nobody Knows, *expanded from a special issue of* The Nation, *will soon be published by Macmillan.*

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Prisoners from the Bay of Pigs

Cuban brigade had been given guerrilla training, that it would be operating in good guerrilla terrain. So in the end he adopted the advice of all his military and intelligence advisers—to "Let 'er rip!"

Despite what the President had been told, there was no alternative plan. According to Haynes Johnson's careful investigation, from November 4, 1960, the Cuban brigade received training only in amphibious landings and infantry assault tactics. There was no guerrilla training, no guerrilla plan. Such methods were never mentioned to the brigade's commanders; Pepe San Roman, one of them, spoke on this point with Johnson. "What we were told," Pepe said, "was, 'If you fail, *we* will go in.'"

The truth seems clear: the American President, on a key policy-determining issue, was deliberately deceived. But he wasn't the only one. The American people were to be deceived in equal measure.

Wise and Ross recount the story of Mario Zuniga, one of the exile Cuban pilots. The CIA needed a "cover" story that could be offered to the world to explain the first air strike at Castro's bases and to cloak American responsibility for the deed. So it wheeled a B-26 bomber out on its Central American landing strip, perforated its undercarriage with a spray of machine-gun bullets, and then instructed Zuniga to fly it, not in an attack on Cuba, but in a propaganda raid on Miami. Zuniga was well briefed on the "cover" story. His yarn was that pilots defecting from Castro's own air force had turned their planes against the dictator and bombed his bases. This deliberate deceit, concocted by CIA, was foisted off on the American press and public and led ultimately to the ridiculous performance in which Ambassador Adlai Stevenson displayed pictures of Zuniga's bullet-punctured craft to the United Nations as "proof" that defecting Cuban fliers had been responsible for the bombings. The quick exposure of the clumsy American hand led Kennedy to draw back, to cancel a second air strike — a decision that assured the debacle.

In the Cuban fiasco, the CIA and the Special Group became almost a law unto themselves. The irresponsibility with which they flouted all constituted authority is illustrated by the account the Cuban exile commanders gave to Haynes Johnson. They said their CIA advisers had told them that, if President Kennedy called off the invasion at the last minute, they were to go ahead anyhow. The Cubans were to revolt and "overthrow" their CIA instructors, who promised not to resist and then, by invading, they were to present the United States with a crisis that called for action. Throughout the long months of training, it is clear, the CIA encouraged the belief in the Cuban exiles (with absolutely no authority to do so) that once the fighting was joined, American military might would be thrown on their side against Castro.

When a secret agency can commit the national prestige on such a scale, it becomes obvious that we have created a bureaucracy that does, indeed, function as an "invisible government." It has the power to set its own goals, make its own policies—and drag the entire nation behind it on the trail of its deeds and commitments.

Wise and Ross in *The Invisible Government*, a book of broader scope than Haynes Johnson's dramatic and probing account of the Bay of Pigs, make it clear just how persistently the CIA has defied the chain of command of responsible government. It has by-passed the State Department in nation after nation, pursuing its own conspiratorial policies in disregard of ambassadors and the diplomatic line laid down in Washington. President Kennedy, shortly after he took office, tried to change this. He dispatched Chester Bowles on a trip around the world to lay down the law that ambassadors must be supreme in their embassies and that the CIA must heed their direction. What happened? Nothing. A 1963 Senate report concluded that the Kennedy order had become a "shadow." It added: "To a degree the primacy of the ambassador is a polite fiction."

This overweening power is exercised, not just in foreign fields, but within the Continental United States. Some 70 per cent of the CIA's sprawling staff is stationed at home. It has regional field offices in cities throughout the nation; it subsidizes college programs, invading and influencing the life and attitudes of the academic community; it supports foundations, cultural groups, a publishing house. Its director is empowered to bring 100 foreigners into the country each year, without regard to immigration laws. It has at its disposal millions of dollars with which to finance the activities of ethnic groups, and has been accused of fomenting and directing demonstrations by Hungarians, anti-Castroites and others. When asked whether such supposedly "spontaneous" exhibitions were in fact stage-managed by its agents, the CIA has retreated into the shell of its secrecy.

Wise and Ross put it this way:

On the university campuses and in the great urban centers of America, the foundation, the cultural committee, the émigré group, the Cuban exile organization, the foreign-affairs research center, the distinguished publishing house specializing in books about Russia, the steamship company, the freedom radio soliciting public contributions,

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the innocent-looking consulting firm—all may in reality be arms of the Invisible Government. And these examples are not idly chosen.

In that summary is contained a picture of the deep penetration of every facet of American life by the CIA's conspiratorial power. Neither Haynes Johnson nor Wise and Ross have produced the definitive account of the extent of that power and the manner in which it is exercised. To do so would have been impossible for newspaper men, however skilled, since they must work without the power of subpoena. These books, however, do expose enormous chunks of the iceberg. They expose so much that Congress should be impelled to act. If our government is to remain a democracy, it must be responsible to its people and be controlled by them—not by any Special Group.

Odds on Freedom

Gambler's Choice in Georgia . . Peter de Lissovoy

Albany, Ga. Posters flapping, horn blaring, the King-for-Congress truck rolled suddenly into Harlem—the principal center of business and pleasure on the black side of Albany, Ga. — at about 4:30 on a Saturday afternoon in mid-April. With a gambler named Suitcase and two sharecroppers, I was standing in front of Ware's Place, a bar with few and ill-matched chairs and tables, a great deal of cement floor for dancing, and very fine acoustics. Ware's Place is on Jackson Street, Harlem's main drag. Suitcase was leaning slightly against the doorjamb, all his weight on his feet. He is a young man whose eyes are red at the corners because of the long nights, and both of whose cheeks bear knife scars, memories of sour losers with sharp eyes. His expression is habitually blank, or guarded; now, lookout for a card game inside, he was on the watch for cops. The two sharecroppers wore crisp, faded overalls and bright hats. They had hitchhiked into town about a half-hour earlier and were discussing ways of getting some wine. I had been expecting the truck, and when I pointed at it and commented, one of the sharecroppers said, "Ain' no nigger gonna go to Congress."

"Ain' none ever tried," said Suitcase.

The truck pulled into Gibson's Station, parking at a slant. The driver, a high school boy in paint-spattered jeans, jumped out to adjust the loudspeaker atop its cab. A dozen cars followed, made a line behind. After a moment, the other sharecropper mused, "The can'date kin'a favor *Martin Luther King*, don' he?"

The posters made a paper skirt round the trailer of the truck. They masked the cab: REGISTER NOW TO ELECT *Your* CANDIDATE C. B. KING TO CONGRESS against a background of the candidate's profile. Attorney C. B. King is the legal department of the Negro movement in southwest Georgia. For years he has defended almost every voter registration worker and demonstrator arrested in this corner of the South. He filed the desegregation suit that will effect the integration of the first and second grades in Albany public schools next fall. He has a deep, rounded voice, capable of sarcastic rises, confusing changes of pace; his lower lip has a trick of curling out when he is smiling at some irony—a way of staying sane in the "cracker" courts. He has a prodigious vocabulary, a weapon forged on a peculiar battlefield. (There is nothing quite so red as the cheeks of a cop on the witness stand who, grinning sheepishly at the black attorney questioning him, must say, "Uh, break that down a little, lawyer?") King bears the hopes of thousands for whom "the law" has never meant more than "the cops," and bears, at his hairline, a scar received two years ago at the hands of the late, cane-wielding Sheriff Cull Campbell of Dougherty County. On April 4, he became the first Negro since Reconstruction to seek the Democratic nomination for Representative to Congress from Georgia's Second District.

"Just on the poster," I said to the sharecropper.

"They're like an' they're different," said Suitcase. "Come on," he said to me. Behind us, the first sharecropper was saying, "It ain' nothin' but foolishness, nothin' but!"

High school kids were getting out of cars; SNCC and campaign workers, the campaign singers, movement regulars were crowding round the truck. The driver took a final look at the speaker and leaped back onto the trailer. Some of the girls, the singers, climbed up and began to chorus freedom movement and King campaign songs.

The loud-speaker carried more than a block — from the Cut-Rate Drugstore to Ware's and beyond. All along Jackson Street, cars slowed, heads spun around. A blind gospel singer, picking and shouting in front of Giles's Grocery, lost his audience of old women. The two sharecroppers in front of Ware's separated, the second ambling over to the truck, waving to us, the first shaking his head. Inside, the poker game noticed that its sentry had deserted. It appointed another, and when he too vanished, it came to the door to see what was happening. A part went back to play without cover, and a part started over to the gathering crowd. This Saturday afternoon, as on every Saturday afternoon, and like every bar in Harlem, Ware's Place was full of country folk looking for a good time, factory workers off for the day, barbers and clerks and cab drivers in for a quick one, pool players resting, crap shooters shooting, hustlers, down-and-outs, kings-for-a-day. When the girls started to sing, everyone not too drunk to move came out for a look. Curious, some waited and watched along the sidewalk. Suddenly frightened, or skeptical or indifferent, some moved

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Peter de Lissovoy is a SNCC field worker and a member of C. B. King's campaign staff. He has attended Harvard, written for the Harvard Crimson, The Christian Science Monitor *and* Dissent *(an article soon to be published). Mr. de Lissovoy lives now in Albany, Ga., where he is a steelworker for a Negro construction firm.*

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back inside. Proud, some crossed the street to stand by the truck.

The girl singers swirled down from the truck, and the candidate, in shirt sleeves, got up and stooped slightly to the microphone. He told the people that they had a question for him. Not just those listening, but everybody, all up and down the street: those brave or strong enough to stand around the truck; all those too fearful; the cynical ones; those in the bars who couldn't care less. There was a question in the air.

"Why does a Negro — a black boy — presume to run for the Congress of the United States? How does he dare?" King waited for the question to draw up memories of fear, and then he dispelled them: "Why not? I have the *right* to run." It was a challenge to those inside the bars and pool halls, an affirmation for those gathered by the truck. He waited again, while his audience whooped and applauded. Their response was as strong as their claim to the right of representation has been weak, and as sincere and long as their desire now to assume it at last. King talked about what politics have been in southwest Georgia: long years of representation for and by the rich. Why was a black candidate *needed* in southwest Georgia? That was a better way of asking the question.

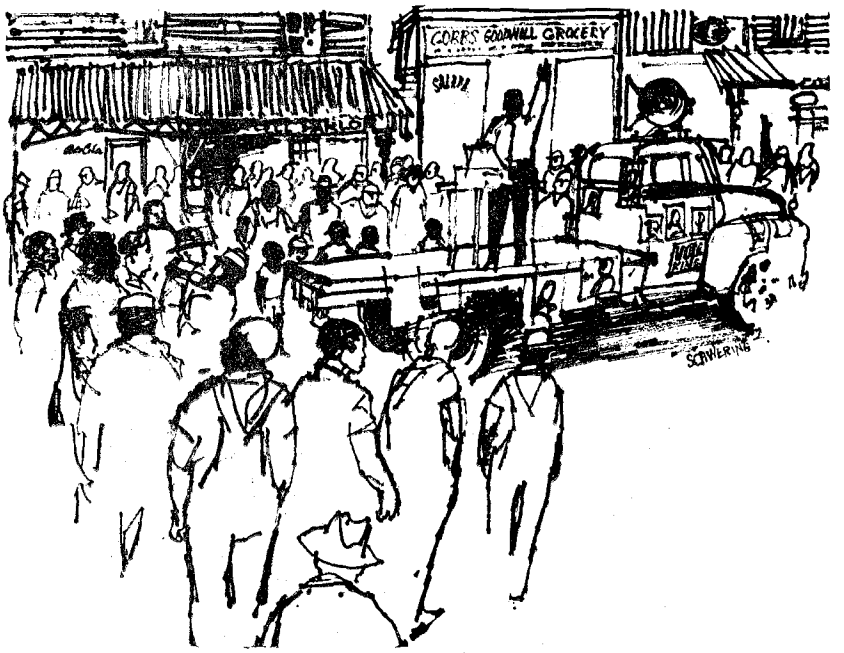
"But black's got nothing to do with it. What you and I have in common is our experience, not our skin. I've picked cotton at a half cent a pound. I've shaken peanuts for 50c a day. That was years ago, but things aren't much better now. The experience of poverty. . . ."

King's father was relatively well off, a small businessman, but as a boy King was sent to the fields now and then to help meet family expenses. He would usually want to work only one or two days at a time, and so he sought out planters who paid their help every evening. He remembers being deceived by one. When the day's work was over, he went to the white man for his money and was told that Friday was payday. But hadn't the man said he'd pay off tonight? Yeah, he'd said that, but he'd changed his mind. So King had to work out the week in order to make good what he had sunk in the job that first day. When Friday came, the white man handed King his few dollars, and then, a perverse afterthought, shoved him a drink of stump liquor as well. King rolled up the bills and said no thank you. The man said, "Drink." No, King said, really, he didn't want any. But the white man towered. It'd be funny, a laugh. And besides — and by God — he was being generous to the nigger. "Drink, lil' nigger, drink!" he bellowed. . . .

But why does a black man *bother* to run for Congress? What really might the faraway and inscrutable federal legislature do about poverty in southwest Georgia? King would work for federal aid to education; better job training for the young, retraining for the unemployed; an increase in the funds set aside for the old, sick, infirm; an increase in the minimum-wage law and its extension to cover all domestic and agricultural workers.

"What I propose the whites on the Hill will call communism. But what do they call their subsidies to the cotton industry? Our women who toil in white kitchens, tend and nurse white children for $10 and $12 a week need a subsidy too. . . ."

I raised my eyebrows at Suitcase. It was fine to hear these things being said in Harlem, on a street corner, to these people. He nodded back. "It's a long shot," he said, "but it's worth it. I'm registered. You ever hear of that? A gambler registerin' to vote? It *must* be *worth it.*"



After the rally, we walked back along Jackson Street to Ware's. Clouds of sound—rhythm and blues, rock 'n' roll—waved and swirled in doorways. Men stood about or walked in twos and groups, bright dressed, talking about women, the possibilities of a drink, the campaign.

The cops on the Harlem beat were swaggering up and down, bouncing on their heels, shooting their eyes. The rally had not been announced. It had happened, bang, like a song, and they had had to stand on the corner and listen. The two sharecroppers were back in front of Ware's. The one who had crossed the street to listen to King said to us as we passed, "He be a help up in Washington, sho', but I sho' hate to lose our good lawyer here in Albany."

Inside, Suitcase bawled out the card players who had not bothered to come across to the rally. "It makes me hot, somebody tryin' to *do* somethin' for y'all an' you jus' sit back like you ain' got a care in the worl', you an' the white man on the bes' relation. . . ."

"*Do* somethin'!" interrupted one of the men. "All that meetin' gonna do, gonna make the law mean tonight."

The gamblers in Harlem say that Suitcase is "with the movement." It surprises them a little. (Nothing surprises them a lot.) Last year, he hadn't a kind word to say for it. That was a little surprising too, because the year before he had gone to jail for demonstrating.

Suitcase did not feel one way or the other about the very first demonstrations in Albany. They had had their genesis in the churches and schools, not in Harlem, and though

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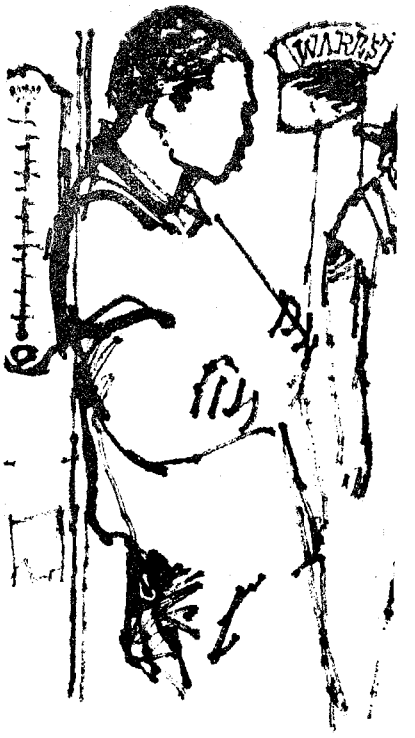
he watched them and listened to the talk, he was not moved to participate. Then one day a cop roughed him up on the street, saying that he had seen him in that "nigger mess." Suitcase protested loudly and the roughing got worse. That was what did it, he says. He saw then that, being black and poor, he was going to be part of the movement whether he liked it or not, and he decided that if he were going to be beaten, he might as well be beaten for something. So he joined a march. It was at least a way of getting back at the cop, a way of affronting the whites.

Leaders of the demonstrations—Martin Luther King, Albany preachers, professional people, students—did not feel themselves affronting anyone exactly. They were exposing social evils, protesting them nonviolently, lovingly, in the spirit breathed by Gandhi and Christ. Even the voter registration drive reflected an essentially religious notion of how society changes. The emphasis was always on registering—the act, pure and simple; little effort was spent to get out the vote, to educate and organize Negro voters. When you registered, you pointed a telling finger at political discrimination. And the effect of it all, presumably, would be a softening of the oppressor's heart, as promised in the Bible.

But Suitcase never supposed his demonstrating would make the crackers see things any differently; he just wanted to shake them up. He saw that if enough Negroes got together in the streets and looked like making trouble, maybe the grays would scare enough to offer some concessions. But he knew that the whites did not need him to tell them they had been preventing Negroes from voting these many years. It was just a very fine feeling, a hard, deep pleasure, to stand in line at the courthouse and look the registrar in the eye. When, after a year of demonstrations, Mr. Charlie did not scare, but just hired more cops and persuaded nearby town and country governments to lend jail space; when there seemed no point to voting, even for kicks, in elections that only offered impossible choices between racists; when the Negro leadership in Albany responded to it all by clinging the more desperately to their worn-out tactics, Suitcase quit the movement.

After that he was full of venom



for a leadership that "was leading the people no place but into Chief Pritchett's arms." And he was full of stories about white insurance men being beaten up, or cops and red-neck turnip sellers being shot. A good many of the stories were true. He certainly enjoyed telling them; it was a way of getting back. I remember the night last fall when we watched a Harlem cop shoot up dirt around a little Negro boy suspected of stealing. The cop had chased the boy across the tops of several buildings; the boy had jumped to the ground and then, too frightened to break across the open street, had given up, and was hunched and shaking at the curb. The cop was firing from the roof of the South Grand Bar, directly over our heads, pumping away needlessly at the stunned kid.

Suitcase cursed the cop; then he cursed the crowd for merely gaping and muttering. Finally, he cursed the movement for not organizing the people to do something, and he continued to curse it all night.

Suitcase was no apostate from nonviolence. He had never seen demonstrations that way, did not believe in it. But contrary to the current glib logic, this did not mean that he *believed* in violence. Suitcase is a gambler. He acquired his name because he does a great deal of traveling. In Columbus, he plays stud poker; in Albany, he plays tonk or shoots dice. Life has come to him too rich in surprises and contradictions, it has been too varied in its demands and rewards to allow his believing absolutely in anything at all. He plays the odds, whatever they are. When he felt the movement was hung up on a single ineffective tactic, he quit as fast as a card player's backer when he sees the kid is playing too straight. Violence and violent talk seemed to him no more the ultimate solution than had demonstrations, but they are a Southern tradition, a significant racial relationship, a familiar way of working out "the problem." When he saw the demonstrations failing, it was easy to revert to them. If you can't win the long money, at least pick up the short.

Suitcase's support of King is a qualified return. And his return reflects a change in the movement. Belatedly, many Negroes who were caught up only a year ago in the nonviolent dogma, have accepted its failure. A certain quaintness has passed. These days, movement thinking in Albany is richer, more pragmatic—in a word, American. Teen-agers, gang boys talk about self-defense, rifle clubs. SNCC is arranging that a group of Africans, touring the country with Operation Crossroads Africa, visit Albany this summer. A delegation attended a nationalist conference in Nashville on May 2 and 3. But, immediately, hopes center upon politics.

During a talent show at a Negro night club on a Saturday night in early April, someone grasped the microphone and announced King's candidacy, concluding, "We got a *point* in registering now!" The Democratic primary will be held in September, but the registration deadline for the primary passed on May 2, and King began serious campaigning as soon as he had filed in order to make the point clear. During the month of April, at night clubs, American Legion posts, in churches, recreation halls, on street corners, King and his campaign speakers explained the significance of a Negro candidate, the possibilities in Congressional representation, the importance of registering. His campaign manager, Thomas Chatmon, a local beautician, toured the Second District, talking with businessmen. Rev. Samuel Wells, who has been registering Negroes since the forties and been jailed literally dozens of times, spoke to the deacon

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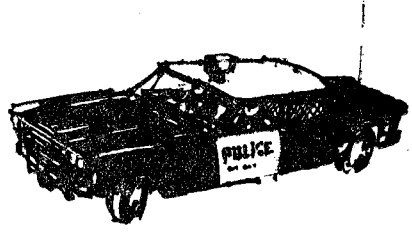
boards. SNCC donated placards, pamphlets, leaflets, and the southwest Georgia SNCC staff distributed them across the Second District. Afternoons, in the week following King's announcement, kids in the Albany Student Movement pounded and nailed and painted up wooden booths, at which Negroes might sign up for transportation to the registrar's office, and placed them at strategic points around the city. The chief effect of the campaign thus far has been to crowd the booths. In Albany, from the date of King's announcement to the closing day for registration, nearly 500 Negroes registered. In Tifton, Ga., the only other major town where figures were immediately available, about 350 were registered.

Almost automatically, King receives the support of the middle and lower-middle classes, and of the youth. But he is appealing to the poor, and it is significant that Harlemites, for instance, are registering. Poorer Negroes in southwest Georgia divide into two groups: those who have relatively steady jobs—or a little land; and those who do not. The first is markedly conservative, aware that in a bad show it at least has bit parts. For the second group, the hustlers, all of life that does not obviously and materially touch them has the aspect of a television quiz show—in any given instance, they can turn the set off or root for their side. The people who came out of Ware's Place that Saturday afternoon to listen to King are not afraid of the white man: they play his game according to his laws and customs and cops but, when they can, they cheat. They are likely as not to cheer a black man who is standing up to the white man. The image of King, running verbal circles around the crackers in court, has had them chuckling for years. And their kind of boisterous pride is educable.

Suitcase is back with the movement, but it doesn't mean he wants to become a SNCC field secretary. He figures King will lose, but thinks that a series of such campaigns will make a political force of Negroes in southwest Georgia. He spends some time every day going over these long odds for Harlem people and has taken at least a dozen of them down to register. It is something to do, one hope, a gamble.

Suitcase is a talker. Whenever I want to see him, I look first in Gay's pool hall and on the benches that edge the sidewalk and face the Harlem cafés and cab stands. Whatever the day's topic, he has his view. When asked how the campaign is progressing, he answers by referring to the April killing of Bobby Miller and the effect that it had upon the community.

Bobby was a slight, light-skinned 15-year-old, who lived in the impoverished, tracks-fringing section of Albany called CME—C for crime, M for murder and E for the electric chair. He was one of the wild, rambling group of boys who hang around "the Corner" of Flint and Davis, the heart of CME, and the Harlem pool halls: Not a gang exactly—just a like-minded, like-moving circle of youths who attend school rarely because the tired, segregated schools attend so rarely to their needs; who play so much pool because there is so little else to do; who fight often and drink whenever possible, because the conditions of their existences preclude



other kinds of intensity; who gamble for power—or its trappings—to overcome, or forget, their birthright of powerlessness.

Early Sunday morning, April 19, the day after King's street rally in Harlem, Bobby left a Harlem pool hall and with a friend, a 14-year-old known in CME as "Pop-bottle," made his way to the Chicken Shack, a CME night spot. After walking up and down in front of the place a few times, building up nerve—and betraying their presence to neighbors and the owner—they made a larkish attempt to enter through a window. The owner called the cops, and when they appeared, the boys tried to run for it. Patrolman J. M. Anderson fired a single shot. A witness heard him yell, "I got him." The police report of the incident claims that Anderson shouted several warnings before shooting. None of the witnesses heard him. The owner, standing next to his establishment, did not hear him.

News of the killing leaped like bullets round the Negro community. Monday, in Harlem, men stood about in groups—a remembrance of the street rally two days before—talking, remonstrating, threatening:

What gonna help, that's what I wanna know. What gonna help it?

Help? I don't know 'bout no help, but I know 'bout need. What I need to do is get me a cracker.

I got my Winchester to the house right now. She sawed off jus' like this. . . . I got my heat on ice, jus' waitin'.

In the late afternoon, more out of shock than calculation, the cops swooped down and shattered a gathering of embittered cab drivers, pool sharks, shoe-shine boys—sent the bitterness calling through the streets.

A mass meeting that evening was full and overflowing. People jammed behind the pulpit in Shiloh Church, stood in the doorway, at the windows. A year or more ago, the meeting might have culminated in a demonstration. Now, from the young particularly, there were cries for vengeance. Yet in the weeks that have passed there has been no serious violence. In CME, when two cops left their car to chase a thief, several of Bobby's friends lifted the spotlight and battery, and went over the body with chains. The same boys have been preventing the delivery in CME of the racist Albany *Herald*, which printed only the police side of the shooting. But there has been nothing more than this, and in the five weekdays that followed Bobby's death, 138 Negroes registered to vote in Albany.

Suitcase is not surprised. "You winnin' that long money, you don' need no short change," he explains. He thinks that people expressed some of their anger by registering or seeing that others did so, that an awareness of the voter registration drive's success satisfied, or at least dulled, a need for vengeance.

At a rally in Tifton, Ga., in late April, Attorney King said, "You'll vote for me because I'm black, and if anyone asks you why, you can say, 'Well, we've tried the other color for 300 years now. . . .'" King is gambling that representation for Negroes will mean something, that our political process, like our legal process, can accommodate certain needs.

Suitcase is gambling too: playing for that long money and hoping that the day won't come again when he must look for nothing but the short.

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Jordan Waters

When Israel Turns the Tap . . . . . Lou Seligson

Tel Aviv

At any moment someone in Israel will push a button, the gates will open, the pumps will start, and for the first time in man's history a surge of fresh water will pour south from the Sea of Galilee into the parched desert of the Negev. There will be no flowery speeches from invited heads of state; indeed, no dedication ceremonies of any kind. The finger will push, the water will flow and the world will learn of it only by seeing the filled canals and reservoirs.

For the finger on the button is also pressing into a sore spot in the Middle East that could, in the failure of diplomacy, explode into very serious war. At the very least, the opening of Israel's National Water Carrier (also called the Jordan River Plan) is rattling the uneasy "truce" between Israel and its neighbors.

After a dozen years of planning, organizing and building, Israel is on the verge of completing the first stage of a gigantic dream that will make possible its growth and future stability. It is exactly this stabilization that angers the Arabs. In their view, anything that helps Israel in any way is a threat to the Arab nationalist cause. What is good for Israel is bad for the Arabs, since Israel is "an imperialist expansion" in the Middle East.

Realization that the Jordan River Plan was almost ready to open brought a fever of excitement and apprehension into Arab politics. Egypt's President Nasser grasped the moment for a renewed drive toward Arab leadership, a position he saw slipping from him as a result of the Syrian-Egyptian unity fiasco. He called for a thirteen-nation meeting in Cairo early in January to plan a counterattack on Israel's water plans. Nasser succeeded beyond his expectations. The Kingdom of Jordan and Saudi Arabia joined for the first time in wholehearted union with all other Arab states in a threefold program of action. The most immediate step called for exploitation of world opinion by visits of heads of states and ministers to the capitals of the big powers. Step number two was a plan for the diversion of the headwaters of the Jordan to foil Israel's engineering feat. The third measure called rather vaguely for war against Israel—at some future time when Nasser felt strong enough.

Phase one is in full operation. A wild scramble of both Arab and Israeli ministers to the various power capitals has been apparent for months. Face-to-face diplomacy has assumed hilarious proportions with return visits from the powers themselves. The rush among Chinese, Russian, American and French diplomats is furious. Heads of state seem to be commuting to the capitals on what appears to be a weekly schedule. Especially intense now is the courting of the rising African nations that will have a bigger voice in Middle East affairs than the major powers previously assumed. The apex of all this touring was Nikita Khrushchev's sixteen-day visit to Egypt to open the Aswan Dam, where he was joined by Algeria's Ben Bella and other African leaders. Meantime, King Hussein of Jordan scurried through the Western capitals on his way to a chat with President Lyndon Johnson. Israel's Prime Minister Levi Eshkol was hot on his campaign trail to the loudly expressed dissatisfaction of Arab representatives in Washington. Previously, his deputy, Abba Eban, and Foreign Minister Golda Meir, had been hobnobbing tirelessly with the heads of all the other Western powers. All this high-level gadding about is in support of the avowed policy of "quiet diplomacy," advocated by both the American and Russian Governments in what appears to be an attempt to maintain the shaky coexistence in the Middle East.

To the Israeli public the hullabaloo seems unreal. In Tel Aviv, Israel's hectic commercial city, life continues as before. The terrace cafés of Dizengoff Street are jammed at any hour with calm though voluble gossipers; lines form for most movies; roads are blocked with vacationing families; *My Fair Lady* in Hebrew is the big hit, and there is more concern about getting tickets for it than about Nasser's latest blast.

The excited apprehensions remain within the top echelons and in the headlines of the twenty-seven daily newspapers in a dozen languages that vie for circulation and sensation. Golda Meir may try to calm herself and her colleagues by noting that a 48-page speech by Khrushchev at the Aswan ceremonies had only three lines referring to Israel. This, she points out, is not bad, something to examine with positive emphasis. But the people on the street do not react one way or the other. They have been under a war scare for sixteen years; every day, two or three infiltrators are nabbed or shot along the borders; spies are caught by the handful every week. Nasser sends his threats over the radio on an almost daily basis. It is not easy to make the Israelis take another crisis seriously.

The real source of this seeming calm is the people's army. Almost every man and woman walking the streets and working the farms is a trained soldier, ready for instant action. Morale is fantastic, impossible to gauge since it is an inner commitment in each to die for Israel if necessary. Nasser knows this. Consequently, the third point in the program is very vague indeed. Every indication suggests that in the near future war will not go beyond the stage of threats and shouting. This is also the conviction of the Israel Government, expressed in open views and in off-the-record talks.

Probably the most immediate action that the Arab states could take would be to carry out their plan to divert the source waters of the Jordan. This is theoretically possible, since about three-fourths of the Jordan's tributary water is in Arab territory. Most of it comes from four rivers: the Dan, Hasbani and Baniyas, north of the Sea of Galilee, and the Yarmuk to its south. The sea itself is totally in Israel as is the Dan River. The Yarmuk is already diverted by a Jordanian irrigation canal scheme. But tapping the rivers north of the Sea of Galilee would not only be too much for Arab technical and financial powers; it would also send water

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Lou Seligson, an American newspaper man, is now living in Tel Aviv and working as a columnist for Maariv, *Israel's largest daily.*

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through desert and wild country to flow futilely into the Mediterranean. It is unlikely that the Arabs could turn successfully to Russia for aid in what appears to be a senseless project. For the diversion would accomplish little for Lebanon, Syria and Jordan, and would be merely a retaliatory weapon against Israel. Israel is moving ahead on the assumption that all talk of diverting the river sources is nonsense and for internal propaganda. Golda Meir even pugnaciously termed such a plan an "open aggression" to be dealt with in a military manner. Foreign Office spokesmen believe that at the very most Arab engineers will make a few scratches in the earth to give a little weight to their propaganda. Any serious engineering work is thought out of the question.

What then is Israel's National Water Carrier and what is it intended to do? Israel's concern with water is simple: they want to get it from where it is to where it "ain't." The total land area of Israel is about 8,000 square miles and only one-fourth is arable. Most of its usable but uncultivated land is in the south—about 2,000 square miles dependent on irrigation—in the region of the northern Negev. The idea is to convey water from the north, where annual rainfall averages 40 inches, to the Negev, where the average is between zero and 8 inches.

Schemes to bring water south are an old story here. In 1953, Israel began work on a project to tap the Jordan River on its northeast border. Syria, on the other side of the river, brought an immediate complaint before the Security Council, the premise being that Israel's project was in a "demilitarized" zone and presented a threat to Syrian security. Work was suspended while the United Nations debated the legalities involved.

In January, 1954, a resolution sponsored by the United States, France and England and supported by a majority of the Council, which would have created conditions to allow resumption of work, was vetoed by the Soviet Union. Meanwhile, Jordan formulated its own water project involving the Yarmuk River and another scheme was drawn up at the initiative of the United Nations. To bring order out of these diverse plans, President Eisenhower sent the late Eric Johnston to the region to draw up a unified plan integrating all the positive features. Behind this mission was the promise of U.S. financial aid.

Since states sharing waterways and rivers must agree to proportionate use of those waters, the key problem for Johnston was to get agreement on the water ratio allowed Israel and the Arab states. After three years of labor he had put together a plan that was agreed

to by all nations involved. It gave 40 per cent of the water to Israel and 60 per cent to Syria, Jordan and Lebanon.

However, the Arab League, meeting in Cairo in 1955, vetoed the plan on purely political grounds and over the protests of the Western powers and the engineers and technicians who had formulated it. The League objected because the plan would benefit Israel as well as the Arab states; more than that, it would force cooperation between them and therefore amount to *de facto* recognition of Israel's existence as an independent state. Johnston voiced his bitterness a few years later, bewailing the fact that "every year a billion cubic meters of precious water still roll down the ancient stream, wasted, to the Dead Sea." Faced by its neighbors' obduracy, Israel decided to develop its share of the river system within the limits of the plan allocations.

To overcome objections brought before the UN, Israel adopted an alternative plan to pump water directly from the Sea of Galilee instead of the Jordan River, since no part of the sea was in any militarized zone; it is, in fact, completely within Israel's borders. The change added heavily to Israel's costs and engineering problems. The water now had to be pumped to higher ground (the Galilee is 210 meters below sea level) before it could begin its flow south.

Israel's National Water Carrier, now on the eve of official opening, consists of a conduit 65 miles long, with intermediate pumping and booster stations. The intake is in the northwest corner of the sea. For 20 miles the water flows through a canal, then it passes into concrete-lined tunnels for 5 miles, after which it flows 48 miles through 108-inch pipes toward Tel Aviv. From there it will be carried farther by pipe line into the northern Negev.

This water plan is almost a necessity for Israel's further development. Surprisingly enough, the country is not made up primarily of farm population. Of its present 2.3 million population only 15 per cent or less than 340,000 are on farms. An increase to 3 million is expected by 1970, of which only 20,000, limited by water supply, will go into farming. Industry is expected to expand by as much as 250 per cent—depending on the availability of water—two-thirds of which already has been tapped.

Arabs make three primary objections to Israel's water scheme: (1) Israel has no right, under international law, to divert waters of a river flowing through more than one country, without the prior agreement of those countries; (2) Israel is diminishing the lower flow of the Jordan River, thus making it too saline for irrigation; (3) success of

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the water carrier enables Israel to settle millions of new immigrants who will constitute an added danger to the Arab states.

Israel's position has been a constant singsong of repeated rebuttals to these charges. Golda Meir has reiterated Israel's recognition of the principle of a country's right to a fair share of its waters, and that agreement among the countries concerned should be a product of negotiations in good faith. There is no basis in law, Mrs. Meir maintains, to the Arab claim that in the continued absence of an agreement Israel has no right to use her fair share of the Jordan. Israel, she says, wants a water plan that takes into consideration all of the Arab demands, and she insists that the Johnston plan is fair. Israel makes clear that its water scheme is so designed that it can be readily dovetailed into a regional plan whenever the Arab states are ready. The Foreign Minister insists, however, that Israel will not let its legitimate water resources run to waste merely because the Arab states deny the fact of its existence.

The argument as to salinity is ironic. The salinity of the Jordan began to rise in 1961, when the Kingdom of Jordan diverted the Karmuk's sweet waters from the lower river flow. This created agricultural problems on both sides of the lower Jordan and Israel has been spending large sums of money and effort to offset the salt by the addition of other stream and well waters. The Johnston plan, Israel insists, provides that none of the countries would suffer from possible salinity.

There is little that Mrs. Meir can say to argument number three. If the Arab states believe they have a right to object to Israel's immigration (which, of course, is a matter for any sovereign state to decide for itself), it would be well, she says, for them also to encourage agitation for greater birth control in Israel, as a measure to insure a static population.

Nobody here doubts for a moment that the button will be pushed and that the waters will flow. Preparations of the strictest kind are being made for expected sabotage by Syrian and Egyptian dynamiters. There is resignation to the fact that serious trouble may break out all along the Jordan River system and the borders near it. It is simply another stone in Israel's march toward self-sufficiency, and unfortunately Israel's history, as well as its landscape, is covered with such stones.

The American Indian

Ghettos in the Desert . . . . . Stan Steiner

Where the old U.S. 66 winds and unwinds through the lava beds, west of Albuquerque, N.M., a hitchhiker flagged my car. He was a young man from the Pueblo de Acoma: "The City in the Sky." And as we drove through the black-rock country that spreads out from the highway we got to talking about how little work there was thereabouts and how hard it was to farm such land.

"How do you earn a living?" I asked.

"Living?" he smiled. "I just live."

He got out at a crossroads to nowhere, laughingly waved goodby, and walked off toward the Pueblo de Acoma, some twenty miles away.

Surveying unemployment figures among Indians in the winter of 1962-63, the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs found that at the Pueblo de Acoma, of 1,380 adults between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five years, 197 were then working. The unemployment rate: 89.6%. Cash income of these Pueblo Indians for the previous year was estimated at $500 to $1,000 *per family*. In answer to the question, how many of residents had "completed an apprenticeship or other training program" during that past year, the reply was a terse "None." Jerry P. Garcia, Governor of Pueblo de Acoma, when asked "How is the morale of the Indian people?" said merely, "They want employment."

Similarly, the United Pueblo Agency of the Bureau of Indian Affairs found that of 13,711 adults on eighteen New Mexican pueblos, 3,212 were employed; half of these temporarily. Unemployment rate: 77%. Income of these tranquil and ancient people, believed to be among the oldest inhabitants of the country, was said to average from $750 to $1,000 yearly per family. The Hopis, too, whose idyllic reputation as the "Peaceful People" has won for their legends the status of a perennial Christmas Book, reported a somewhat less than idyllic unemployment rate of 71.7%.

To the north, on the Blackfeet reservation of Montana, the House committee uncovered a "permanent unemployment" rate of 72.5% with approximately 1,500 of the 2,000 Blackfeet jobless. The yearly income: "less than $500 per family."

On the plains of the Dakotas, the Sioux reservations reported: the Pine Ridge Sioux had 1,225 of 3,400 tribal adults employed (yearly income per family: $105), the Sisseton Sioux had 543 of 835 employed (income: $600), the Rosebud Sioux had 1,276 of 2,996 employed (income: $1,000) and the Standing Rock reservation listed 380 of 880 "heads of households" as employed (income: $190). Down in Mississippi, on the Choctaw reservation, 170 of the 1,225 adults had jobs. Unemployment rate: 86.1%.

The Navajos, the most populous of American Indian tribes, numbering upward of 96,000, fared not much better. Of 33,734 Navajos in the labor force of Arizona, 23,334 were listed, in August, 1963, as unemployed. The Indian Bureau was reluctant even to estimate the "median annual cash income," fearing it was too low to be "meaningful." If this economic quagmire had engulfed the Dineh, "The People," as the Navajos proudly call themselves, it had no less bogged down their linguistic cousins, the Apaches. The San Carlos and Fort Apache reservations reported that 2,170 of

Stan Steiner is a poet and novelist with a special interest in the Southwest. He is the author of The Last Horse (*Macmillan*), *a children's book on the Navajo.*

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3,390 Apaches — 61% — were out of work.

The "oil millionaires" offered statistics as dismal. In the mythology of the oil-rich Indians, so credulously celebrated in after-dinner jokes and romantic tales, none are supposedly wealthier than the Creek, Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw and Seminole. But when the House Indian Unemployment Survey investigated some 19,000 adults in these Five Civilized Tribes, approximately 10,000 were listed as jobless. The annual income per family—*including* the fabled oil lease and royalty disbursements — came to $1,200.

Each year in Washington there is a ceremonial wringing of hands over "The Indian Problem." It took place this year in the East Room of the White House, where tribal leaders presented President Johnson with an appeal from the National Congress of Indians that stated: "Unemployment is our major concern. Almost one-half of the employable American Indians are without jobs. On some reservations three-fourths are unemployed. Indian reservations are indeed pockets of poverty."

Unemployment among the Indians is thus *ten times* the national average. Their family incomes, though reports are frequently inconclusive and difficult to verify, are generally estimated to be from one-third to one-fifth of the national average. Indian poverty is so widespread and so intense that it tends to fall outside national calculations on the problem. Perhaps this partially explains why studies such as the Conference on Economic Progress report, "*Poverty and Deprivation in the U.S.*," do not as a rule delve into it. Chronic unemployment of the majority of a people that is not due to technological change, nor to depressed areas in the economy, appear to be beyond measure, or remedy, by methods that are applied elsewhere. Especially is this so on the reservations, where poverty, as the Sioux Chief, Standing Bear, had said, is but one of the conditions that have "dehumanized" his people.

"Statistics permit us to walk untouched through the world of extremely low-income groups, uneducated children, substandard housing, disease and hopelessness," wrote Congressman George F. Senner, Jr., (D., Ariz.) in *The Navajo Times* this winter. But the conditions of the nearly 400,000 Indians — of an estimated 600,000 — who live on the neglected reservations cannot be ignored. "We cannot avoid the truth," Senner wrote, "no matter how impersonally it may be presented."

It has been calculated, for example, that 90% of the Indians live in substandard housing. But substandard, when applied to the reservation Indian, is actually a euphemism for a rural slum of shacks and one-room huts. The wikiups of grass, logs and canvas of the Apaches, the earth and log hogans of the Navajos, the sod igloos of the Eskimos and the adobes of the Pueblo Indians may house legends of enchantment, but the living conditions of the occupants are less than enchanting to Public Health Service doctors.

Dr. Carruth J. Wagner, Chief of the Division of Indian Health, of the PHS, has testified that "The burden of disease is heavy [among Indians] and much of it is associated with the hazards and rigors of the environment in which these Indian beneficiaries live. . . . The one-room structure is occupied by an average of four or five people. This serious overcrowding promotes the transmission of disease."

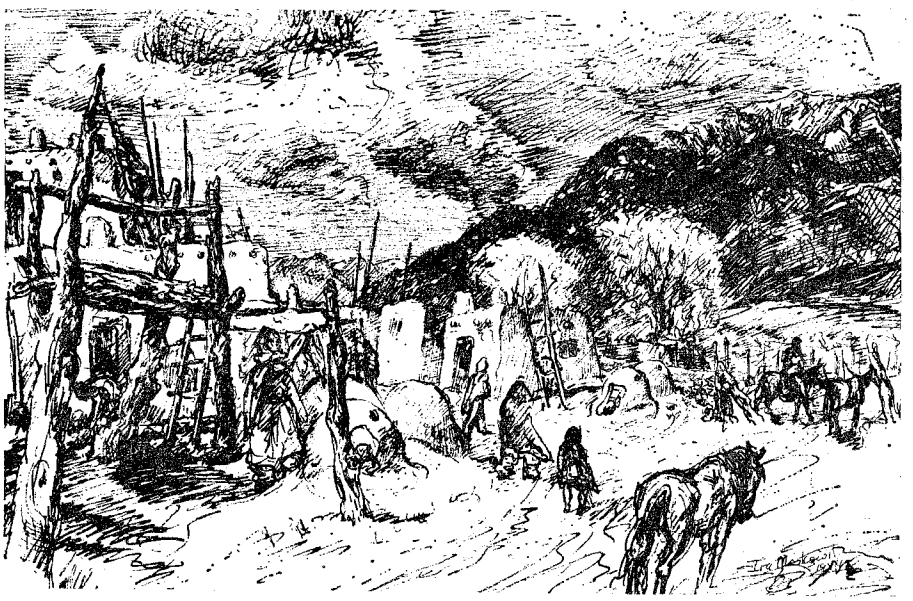
He reported that the average "death age" of an Indian is forty-two years (thirty years for the Alaskan native and about thirty-one years for the Arizona Indians), compared to an average of sixty-two years for the general population.

The death rate of Indian babies is three times higher (for Alaskan natives six times higher) than the national average. Of 1,000 Indian babies born alive, forty-three die before their first birthday, Dr. Wagner said, and "many [of these deaths are] associated with the home environment." Moreover, infant mortality accounts for 21% of all Indian deaths, compared to 6% for the general population.

Speaking of specific disease rates, Dr. Wagner estimated the incidence of tuberculosis to be seven times higher among Indians (fifteen times higher among Alaskan natives). Tuberculosis death rates are four times higher among Indians (seven times higher among Alaskan natives). And the death rate from infectious diseases such as dysentery, gastroenteritis, influenza and pneumonia averages from two to five times higher than those of the rest of the population.

These disease and death rates continue despite the expanded Public Health Service care and treatment of the past few years. Dr. Wagner indicated his dismay, as have others in the field, that unalleviated poverty, subsistence diets and chronic unemployment frustrate the efforts of government and tribal health officials. "Nutritional deficiencies are associated with many of the illnesses and diseases," the Indian Health chief said; "Malnutrition of babies results in long periods of hospitalization and premature, unnecessary death."

Approaching another aspect of



Outskirts of Taos

Drawings by Ira Moskowitz

The Sherrod Library
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the problem, the Public Health Service studied sanitation conditions among 42,506 Indians in eleven states. "The unsafe water supply is a very common cause of many of the diseases," the survey found. More than 81.6% of the Indians haul their drinking water, many from "distances of a mile or more," and from "irrigation ditches and ponds." "Potentially contaminated water" sources supplied more than 77% of this water. On several reservations the entire water supply was condemned. "Many families have to get along on one to three gallons of water a day, when the poorest non-Indian rural family has double and triple this amount." And of the Indians surveyed, 78.1% were found to "use unsatisfactory excreta disposal facilities."

Confronted with this appalling bill of particulars, the late Congressman Hjalmar C. Nygaard (R., N.D.) blandly said: "I hope some day these problems can be solved."

Indian education is the one field where government officials and tribal councils have reached some agreement. Educators in the Bureau of Indian Affairs point with pride to figures showing that, in 1963, 88.4% of all Indian children between the ages of six and eighteen years were enrolled in schools. More than half of these were in local public schools. Even allowing for the discrepancy between statistics and facts in reservation school enrollments, it does seem that the educational situation has been substantially improved since World War II, and especially in the past few years.

Within this aura of rising hopes, however, it should be noted that 3.7% of Indian children are dismissed as "unknown." In Oklahoma these "unknown" children total 20.7% and on the Montana reservations they total 14.1%.

Even more serious, as it reflects the relationship between Indian poverty and education, is the discrepancy between elementary-school enrollment and that of the vocational and high schools, where job training is to be had. In these later years the dropout rate is estimated to be 60%!

The chairman of the Navajo Tribe, Raymond Nakai, has emphasized the concern of Indian leaders, not only because of the rudimentary education offered Indian children, but because training in job skills is so often aborted by the dead-end economics of reservation life. "However high the quality of vocational training," Nakai has said, "it will only aggravate the worker's frustration if the vocation for which he has been trained is barred to him because of his present economic and reservation condition." Or, he added, because "racial discrimination stands in his path."

Still others, like Martin Vigil of Tesuque Pueblo, head of the All Pueblo Council of New Mexico, are skeptical of the congratulations the Indian educators award themselves. "There are thousands of Indian children who have no school," Vigil has said; "The level of Indian education is the fifth grade, while that of the white man's is the tenth grade. Is that right? Is this getting the Indian ready for the space age?"

In a comprehensive study of "the Indian problem," Ralph Nader, editor of *The Harvard Law Record*, offered this rather bleak view: "Notwithstanding the improvements in Indian education, the school day is often extraordinarily short, the quality of teaching is inferior and there are still many children not enrolled." In spite of the "gradual improvements," to which it paid judicious tribute, *The Harvard Law Record*, in 1956, editorially commented that the "American Indians are by far the worst-fed, worst-clad and worst-housed group in the United States. These people, recipients of the poorest educational and medical services in the country, are in a state of social and psychological maladjustment. This is a situation of which the American public is only dimly aware."

The American Indian "may be technically free," Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy told the convention of the National Congress of American Indians at Bismarck, N.D., last summer, "but he is the victim of social and economic oppressions that hold him in bondage. He is all too likely to become the victim of his own proud anger, his own frustrations, and—most humiliating of all—the victim of racial discrimination in his own land."

"Will the injustice go on?" the Attorney General rhetorically asked his Indian audience.

Kennedy's reply was hopeful. "I believe there are signs of a change," he said, "clear signs of a turning of the tide." There had been in fact "signs" of something new in the approach to Indian needs ever since the late President Kennedy established a Special Task Force early in his administration. The Task Force, in 1961, set forth three major goals for the Indians: maximum economic self-sufficiency, full participation in American life and equal privileges and responsibilities of citizenship. The then newly appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Philleo Nash, hailed these goals as "an important shift in program emphasis."

Somewhat reserved Oliver La Farge endorsed this hopeful prognosis, but suggested that "major changes must be taken *now*." Last year, just before his death, La Farge returned to this theme and—feeling that "On the positive side there is little that is striking" by way of "major changes"—said that the situation called for "the vigor and determination of Paul Bunyan, and his ox Babe, yes, and Bunyan's goad and his axe."

The impatience here voiced, and expressed with still greater force by tribal leadership, none the less recognized a change of approach. La Farge himself wrote of the possibility of "bold new advances." What buoyed these hopes was not merely the Task Force's report. It was also the reaction to Commissioner Nash's stated belief that henceforth the economic development of the reservation Indian "of course is a job which will have to be accomplished by the Indians themselves. If the plans are worth the paper they are written on they must be basically *Indian* plans, reflecting Indian thinking." Similar was the statement of Attorney General Kennedy that the new Administration's "firm policy has been to consult with tribal groups and work with them in determining every phase of federal action in their behalf—in marked contrast to the long-standing custom of the past, when the wishes of the tribal organizations were all too often ignored."

Traditionally the non-Indian, whether in government or business, has sought to make the Indian over in the white man's image. When this could not be done through the "policy of extermination" of "the War Camp" (*The New York Times*, July 7, 1876), it has been attempted through the humane persuasions of paternalism. But since that too

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proved ineffective, legal means have been found—as for example, the reservation "Termination Acts" of the Eisenhower administration.

Equally traditionally, the Indian has viewed these policies with little enthusiasm. Reluctant to give up his beliefs, or his way of life, in spite of the "fight, coax or run" programs of the nineteenth-century Bureau of Indian Affairs, he has been treated as incorrigible, and relegated to social oblivion.

The Indian's poverty was not a social accident, nor a historical aberration. It was the inevitable result of policy. The friend of the Indian, or the dedicated public servant, discovered that whatever he accomplished to improve the condition of the Indians in one field was too often nullified by a decline in another. The plight of the Indian was endemic to his economic and social status.

"We cannot expect good health and the desire for education if there is poor housing, unemployment and dire poverty," said Robert Burnette, a Rosebud Sioux and director of the National Congress of American Indians. "So we believe all of these things go hand in hand." Walter Wetzel, Chief of the Blackfeet, has said: "We must seek a new policy." And this new policy, if it is to succeed must, in the opinion of many tribal councils, deal with fundamental problems in a comprehensive way and from an Indian point of view. The Kiowa, Amos Hopkins-Dukes, who heads the Tribal Indian Land Rights Association, speaks for the younger leaders when he says: "If the U.S. is to grow and improve its Indian policy, the U.S. will have to be willing to let the American Indians grow also—as Indian people."

Another Indian leader recently startled officials by suggesting that if Indian poverty was really in the forefront of the "War on Poverty," then a government loan of at least $200 million to the tribes, for industrial and resource development —by the tribes—might be a "good start." But, he added, the tribes would have to be free to use such funds "as they see fit." This was a practical application of Robert Burnette's sardonic comment: "The government must allow the Indians to make a few of their own mistakes."

The variety of present-day approaches to "the Indian problem" is in itself encouraging. The Tribal Indian Land Rights Association has evolved a plan to apply the original provisions of the Allotment Act of 1887, not to break up the reservations, but to enable non-reservation Indians to claim federal lands which, it contends, are theirs by legal right. Suits based on treaty rights have long concerned the Indian Rights Association and similar groups. "Indian Health Year" has been proclaimed by the Association on American Indian Affairs,

in cooperation with the Public Health Service. And the Bureau of Indian Affairs is concentrating on the Area Redevelopment Act, the "Youth Job Training Corps," educational expansion and the Public Housing Act.

The most immediately pertinent programs, however, are those aimed at expanding industries that might employ Indians. The Association of American Indian Affairs has been singularly, if modestly, successful in its campaign to relocate small industries on or near reservations. The Bureau of Indian Affairs, for its part, has brought nineteen new plants into Indian population areas since 1961; they are said to provide more than 1,000 jobs.

Federal work projects, as urged by the National Congress of American Indians, have proved to be another job source. Under an accelerated program, projects begun on some eighty-eight reservations employ a fluctuating Indian labor force of 2,700 to 5,700. However, these APW projects are of a service character: improvements of roads, soil conservation, reforestry, building of community centers, etc. They are more likely to offer temporary and emergency employment than to assure long-term economic opportunity.

Unfortunately, between the many programs and their fulfillment, there is what might be called a "capital gap." Commissioner Nash has noted: "A common characteristic of underdeveloped communities, on reservations and off, at home and abroad, is lack of capital." In the Indian communities the "gap" is increased by the reluctance of private industry to invest plants and equipment in areas often far from markets and where available labor is poorly trained and untested. Furthermore, non-Indian interests have a historic itch for Indian lands and resources, which even now are mostly leased to non-Indians. Hoping for direct ownership, such interests have ever been willing to drive the reservation Indians to the economic wall. Private and public capital has thus been doled out sparingly. "And the reservations are starved for both kinds," Nash has said.

In the face of this economic and industrial backwardness, a development program that might have meaningful results would appear to require goals substantially larger than any we have yet projected. A few years ago, Oliver La Farge suggested that a program of federal loans and aid for reservation self-help might take the form of an American Indian Point Four Program—with a budget at least as large as those extended to underdeveloped countries overseas. More recently, a somewhat scaled-down version — "Operation Bootstrap" — has been proposed.

Since the government has from 1787 on, and before the present Administration came into office, appropriated more than $2.25 billion for its less than successful Indian programs, an investment of Point Four dimensions is not wholly unreasonable.

A moral obligation to the Indians is implicit in all these considerations. But leaving morality quite aside, there is the consideration of the relentless cost to the nation incurred by failure to lift the bondage of perpetual poverty from these proud, intensely patriotic and undefeatable people.

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The Crafts Reborn . . . . . David Cort

When the craft skills began dying out in the nineteenth century, it was assumed that they would never be needed again: industrial techniques would do everything better than the hands of men. This assumption proved to be not quite correct.

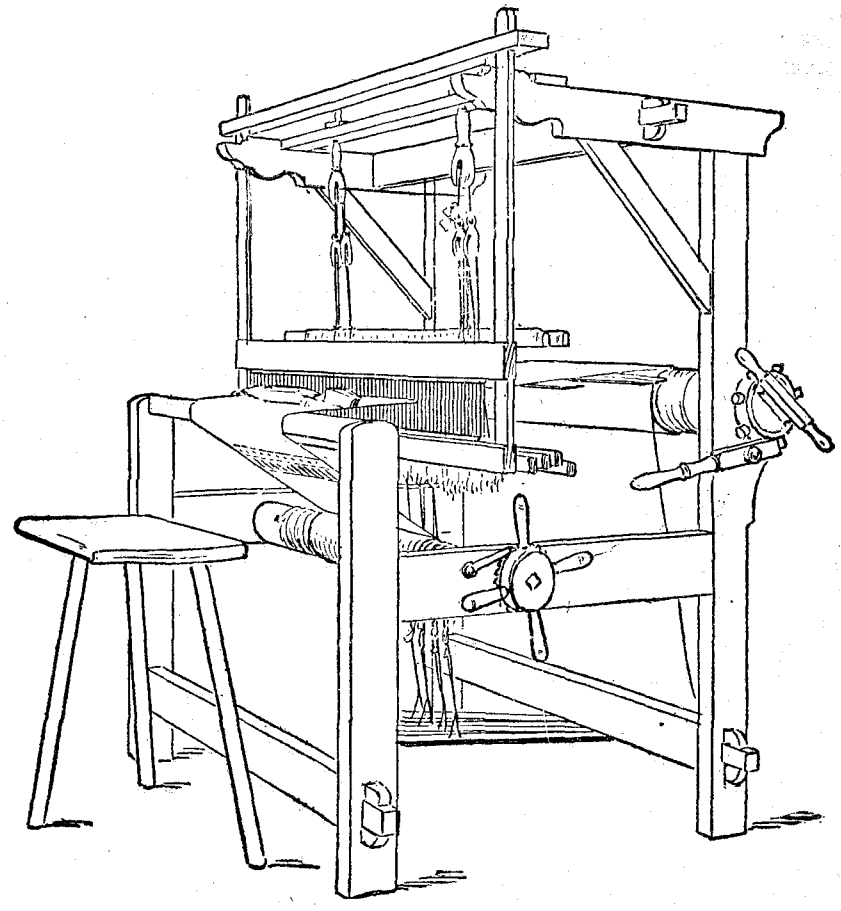
Now, finally, automation has presented the prospect of a lot of permanently idle hands of men, fit for none but devil's work. The need for crafts, in coexistence with industry, began to be urgently felt about ten years ago, but it had been rising for more than thirty years. But suppose all the skills became extinct; would we then have to start all over as of 5,000 years ago and reinvent the crafts?

This question is being answered by the First World Congress of Craftsmen, meeting from June 8 to 19 in New York City, and sponsored by the American Craftsmen's Council. This may not at first be recognized as a significant moment in the evolution of American or even one-world culture, whatever that may turn out to be, but we are here in the exact eye of the present hurricane of industrialization and counter-industrialization.

Why did the World Congress come to the United States? This country should by now be craftless, but in fact it shares with Scandinavia world leadership in the modern artist crafts. This is the extreme opposite of what one would have expected, and some explanation is required.

The secret is the American Craftsmen's Council, the creation of Mrs. Vanderbilt Webb, which has been taking form since the early 1930s and was chartered as a foundation in 1943. When the industrial revolution had gone full circle, and a cry for skill went up again, Mrs. Webb and the A.C.C. were there to meet it, fully prepared. The A.C.C. had got there first, simply by going in the opposite direction from that of everyone else.

From the beginning, the A.C.C. has had two chief purposes: to reteach the handcrafting of beautiful, well-made objects (and to maintain the highest possible standards); and to help the artists market them when they were made.



Hand Loom

The first required a school. Almost single-handed, Mrs. Webb established the School for American Craftsmen at Dartmouth in 1946; in 1948 it moved to Alfred College; and finally in 1950 settled down at the University of Rochester, with facilities for all the crafts. Today most American university art departments give courses in applied arts — that is, crafts — and award the master of fine arts degree.

Crafts in America break down into ceramics (porcelain, high-fired and low-fired ware); metals (wrought iron, flatware, hollowware, jewelry and architectural work); textiles (printed, painted, woven, batik, stitchery, needle craft, appliqué and rugs); wood, glass, plastics, enamels and leather, especially bookbinding.

The general belief, including mine, had been that many ancient techniques have been lost beyond recovery. This, it was thought, is true of Byzantine and Egyptian gold glass, of Etruscan gold granulation, of the grinding of faience glaze by the Egyptians, rediscovered by the Venetians and lost again, of Ashanti filigree goldwork and the Incas' weaving methods. In the last few decades all these have been rediscovered and are now being practiced by American craftsmen. The claim is made that any "lost technique" can be rediscovered on sufficient analysis, but the past must have some unbreakable secrets—perhaps Roman concrete or the medieval tempering of steel.

The dimensions of the craft movement are startling. The A.C.C. has 23,500 individual members and is the center for 125 regional craft organizations. At its New York headquarters, 29 West 53 St., it keeps a file of 1,000 superior craftsmen, classified by medium, with photographs and colored slides of their work, for the use of manufacturers, architects, designers,

David Cort is a frequent contributor. His latest book is Social Astonishments *(Macmillan).*

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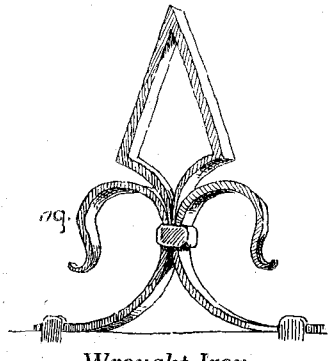
teachers and students. It maintains a craft museum, library, magazine, newsletter and slide-rental service.

The main commercial outlet, wholesale and retail, for A.C.C. craftsmen is America House, chartered in 1940, well before the USIA set up its America Houses abroad. But across the country are Frederick and Nelson, Panaca and Century 21 in Seattle; Winnemore in Columbus, Ohio; Shop One in Rochester, N.Y.; America House in Birmingham, Mich.; Signature Shop in Atlanta, Ga.; Jensen's and Bonnier's in New York; the New England stores of the New Hampshire and Boston Societies of Arts and Crafts, and hundreds of small shops.

At this very moment, American industry has begun to look to craftsmen, as industry has long done in Scandinavia and Finland. The crafts are being asked to produce useful as well as "useless," i.e., primarily decorative, objects. Buyers for American stores, who invariably went abroad in search of fine hand-craft products, have begun to shop for American work.

Craft work will jar the standard distribution system. Individual craftsmen get a local reputation and sell to their neighbors, without any merchandising overhead. Some ceramic makers find a crowd waiting for them to open their kilns and dispose of their entire product in a morning. In such case of direct sale the price of hand craft is about the same as mass-produced and merchandised wares of good quality. Distinguished craft furniture will cost about the same as a comparable factory product. A unique craft rug will cost no more than an oriental rug.

The First World Congress of Craftsmen (some 250 delegates from 47 countries) represented all Western Europe except Ireland and Luxembourg, seven Latin American countries, five African, thirteen Asian and four from behind the iron curtain. In this fascinating spectrum of craft cultures, only Scandinavia and Finland feel that their craftsmen are being properly used. The French resent their bureaucratic Service de l'Artissinat, taxation and red tape; the English and Dutch think their crafts are being neglected. Belgian crafts are chiefly liturgical. Where industrialization has moved into traditional societies, as in urban India, Japan, Lebanon, there is "a gradual decay in design consciousness," and rural crafts are "fast disappearing." The traditional anonymous craftsmen in such countries as Syria, Java, Tunisia, Iran, Chile, Hong Kong still produce the expected inlaid brass, goathair rugs, carved ivory



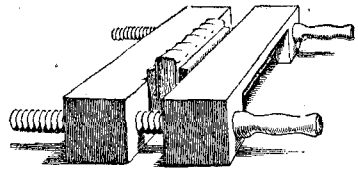
Wrought Iron

Potter's Wheel

and the Tunisian specialty of delicate wire bird cages. The minimal craft in the more backward countries is straw work: mats and basketry. Saddlery is still important in Argentina, England and France. Crafts in Bolivia and Colombia have practically no economic importance. The Communists, as exemplified by Khrushchev's disgust with Javanese batiks, are opposed to crafts.

The work of the First World Congress, meeting on the Columbia University campus, was primarily to form an International Association of Craftsmen, perhaps to be incorporated later into UNESCO. The inescapable impression is that world communication among craftsmen, people who do not rely on words, may very well get some real communication going, because these people have something in common, as the diplomats and the reporters do not.

This exchange is already in progress. The Germans have developed the art of forged metals, primarily steel. Metal casting has been revived by American foundry cooperatives, working chiefly in lost-wax and sand casting, techniques that are 5,000 years old. The new glue,



Book-binding Vise

epoxy, is now used to fasten the tesserae in mosaics. Harvey Littleton, an American master of off-hand glass blowing, learned his art as an inspector at Corning Glass, in Italian glass factories, in the small shops of Murano, and from French and Scandinavian craftsmen.

The fundamentals of the basic crafts are described in a manual, *Crafts for the Aging,* published by the A.C.C. Among its surprising customers are the labor unions. The United Automobile Workers in particular encourages craft groups for their older members.

My own observation is that the present product is excellent, but yet some distance from being great. But it is now at least possible that great talents will appear—one can almost sense their approach. Much of the current work is wonderfully clever; even its simplicities are clever. A renaissance of craft is not only possible but predictable, and it will arrive right here in the United States.

The point of all this is that the American citizen, whether aging or disemployed or bored, has been given another alternative for his life; or rather, a whole range of alternatives, a new way of testing his potentialities. With the alternative of crafts, the American may become himself again.

The mass-production world cannot do very much about it. As hand-crafted objects become available, consumers, starting with the richest, will naturally shift to them as offering the better value. For these objects make one feel good instead of depressing one; they communicate a flash of insight from another human being; they get better as one knows them better; more vulgarly, they convey to the neighbors absolutely undebatable existence and status. If a man has the judgment to buy the best in crafts, he has some hope of attaining the legendary status of Proust's Monsieur Swann, a condition that a little while ago was entirely beyond the dreams of any American whatsoever.

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Goodby to the Biggest Sardine

REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL. By Irving Louis Horowitz. E. P. Dutton & Co. 430 pp. $7.95.

Louis Wiznitzer

President Joao Goulart's ousting by the military last April gives Professor Horowitz's book, written before that event, an air of somber prophecy. It is, in fact, the first major American study of the social changes taking place in Brazil which is free from ideological bias or misinformation. The image presented of Brazil bears little if any resemblance to the one that unscrupulous public relations men, complacent or naive journalists, and pseudo-professional sociologists have popularized.

In order to dispel the many simplistic myths about the largest country in this hemisphere after Canada, Professor Horowitz invited a number of prominent and knowledgeable Brazilians to talk about their country. His role in his book is very much that of a highly intelligent moderator who also recognizes the need to arrive at practical as well as theoretical conclusions. Brazilian Catholics, Marxists, liberals, conservatives, ultramontane nationalists, former Presidents, renowned historians, sociologists, labor experts and economists are given more than half the pages in the book; Horowitz comes in at intervals, in separate chapters, to sum up and draw conclusions. Far from contradicting one another, these different-minded experts unwittingly cooperate to give us a coherent explanation of Brazil's heritage, structures, infirmities and rapid development. A single Brazilian reality emerges from all the facts, figures and interpretations.

Brazil, as Horowitz's book indicates, has been and will continue to be swept by a revolutionary tide. Whereas Argentina, Peru and Venezuela "simply move towards modernism," Brazil is tending toward structural changes and development. Because of its size and potential strength, Brazil's fate will determine the fate of Latin America; the Brazilian revolution, and not the Cuban, will shape the path for Hispanic America.

One current mistake is to interpret Brazilian politics in terms of such categories as "democracy versus dictatorship." Horowitz establishes that the Brazilian "explosion" which lies ahead cannot be channeled through parliamentary paths because of the complete separation of the nation's social and economical life from the political process. The three major Brazilian parties, since their foundation in 1945, have functioned as feudal principalities, dispensing favors while propagating the myth of constitutionalism. In the Northeast, the parties are considered family property and they reflect internal family dissensions; political power rests exclusively upon land ownership.

Western-style parliamentarism was introduced in Brazil under circumstances radically different from those prevailing in Europe. Since the fall of the Brazilian empire, the only regimes that have, at times, moved the country ahead have been of a Bonapartistic tendency. The attempts of Vargas and Quadros to link politics with social and economic reality eventually led one to commit suicide, the other to resign from the Presidency. Politics, in Brazil, is still a game played by a few against the many, by the whites against the blacks (despite the myth of Brazilian racial democracy), by the landholders against the landless, by the educated against the uneducated. The middle class, which was to be the backbone of the Alliance for Progress, appears to have little desire for structural changes, and to be unable to provide Brazil with a moderate, reformist solution. Quadros' mistake was "to have taken bourgeois liberalist values at face value without discounting their rhetoric." This is why the political tendencies of Brazilians have led to extra-party movements, such as nationalism, developmentism, conspiracies and subversion.

If parliamentarism has proved inadequate as an instrument for peaceful revolution "from above," so has presidentialism. Both Presidents Vargas and Quadros were frustrated when the military, backed by extreme right-wing circles, produced the classic coup. Supported by neither a true party structure nor administrative authority, Vargas and Quadros were unable to resist the "gorillas" (Goulart, more radical in words than his predecessors but in reality more ready than they to compromise, went the same way.) The myth of the Brazilian army being "different from other Latin American armies" — "The Great Silent One," "The Guardian of the Constitution" — thus evaporates.

Presidents Quadros and Goulart, whatever their mistakes and weaknesses, had respected the Constitution while they were in power; it did not save them. Goulart, whose downfall was joyfully welcomed in Washington because he "planned to surrender Brazil to the Communists," had told a joint session of Congress, in Washington on April 4, 1962: "We believe in the supremacy of the Constitution . . . and the guarantee of individual rights. . . . I reaffirm the identification of my country with the democratic principles which unite the peoples of the West." Further, he said — and this, if nothing else, should have made a difference with the policymakers of the U.S. — "I place my trust in God." Perhaps this was his one fatal error.

One of the major difficulties in analyzing Brazil, as Horowitz indicates, is that there are two Brazils (some writers say four) — the Northeast and the Southeast — and that, like two planets, they move at different speeds in different directions. While the Southeast is becoming an industrial society, along West European patterns, the Northeast remains rural, backward, underdeveloped, illiterate, stagnant. The figures are striking. In 1955, the per capita income was 4,511 Cruzeiros in the Northeast and 18,382 Cruzeiros in the Southeast. Roughly 50 per cent of the Southeastern population was urban while only 20 per cent of the Northeastern population lived in cities. Electoral participation, in 1959, was 14.4 per cent in the Northeast and 24.6 per cent in the Southeast. In the feudal Northeast, where 40 million Brazilians live like pariahs, a child dies every four seconds and the average life span is 27 years. From Rio to the South, on the other hand, there are thousands of factories, modern and rapidly growing cities, a "Volkswagen economy." One curious result of this division, astutely noted by Horowitz, is the emergence of an internal Brazilian imperialism. The industrial Southeast has in the past few years tried to dominate and ex-

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ploit the Northeast as though it were a colony. Another result is that in the Northeast, radical movements like Juliao's peasant leagues advocate Chinese-style revolution, while in the Southeast the Brazilian Communist Party has become growingly revisionistic, legalistic, aiming at coalitions with the middle class, a perfect example of what Mao likes to call "parliamentary cretinism."

In the field of economics, and particularly inflation, Horowitz presents us with some more hard facts from spokesmen for the far Left, the far Right and various shades of centrism. Though interpretation varies from one to the other, actual content is strikingly similar. And the author very carefully draws his conclusions.

The roots of Brazil's troubles are traced back to the single-crop, get-rich-quick formula of a landholding class incapable of adopting a national posture. First it was sugar, then cotton, then rubber and now coffee. Another basic evil has been the feudal structure of the land economy. Today, Alliance for Progress experts like to claim that agricultural reform must precede political reform, but there is evidence that "the central problem of Brazilian agriculture is not adequate production but adequate distribution of profits." The problem of technology will not be solved without "the destruction of the Latifundia as the central agency of the land economy." Furthermore, agrarian reform should include "reform of the tax structure with the aim of redistributing land as a consequence of eliminating economically unproductive farm areas."

From Vargas to Quadros, the Brazilian Governments have put nearly all the available investment capital into industry. The result is the present double economy and growing tensions between city and country. As for the role of foreign capital (a sacred cow for Assistant Secretary for Latin American Affairs Thomas Mann), we find that while it tolerates a certain amount of local economic development, it cannot admit a change of social structure and, in fact, prevents Brazilian capitalism from achieving its own maturation. It encourages petty bourgeois production and the use of low-grade machinery, and it satisfies short-range consumer demands, while leaving the real industrial exploitation of Brazil in the hands of foreign investors.

Horowitz reveals how foreign investment functions in Brazil. In most cases, a firm will introduce 25 per cent of new capital and recruit 75 per cent in local capital. (The book fails to tell us that such local capital has been frequently recruited through a private "financial group" called Consultec, in exchange for open or under-the-table commissions of 20 per cent to 30 per cent of the capital provided. Hanna, the Dulles group, Bond and Share are among its clients. Consultec officials happened also to be at the helm of the very establishments which they were approaching for funds: Banco do Desenvolvimento Nacional, Banco do Brasil, and even the Ministry of Finance. To speak of "conflict of interests" in this case would be a gross understatement. The boss of Consultec, Roberto Campos, was until last December conveniently placed as Brazil's Ambassador in Washington, D.C. He is now Minister of Planning — some say "planning for himself" — in the new, anti-corruption government of Marshal Castelo Branco.) The foreign concern was able to remit 10 per cent per year of its invested capital, meaning of the total investment. This represented a heavy drain on Brazil. And such excessive remittances abroad of marginal investments were partly responsible for the balance-of-payments crisis that led Goulart to tighten the amounts authorized for remittance abroad.

Furthermore, the resources made available to the Brazilian economy by the U.S. are much less than is generally believed, while the prices of U.S. exports have steadily risen. Allotments far exceed actual disbursements. The reverse flow of amortization and interest payments tends increasingly to make the transfer of resources from the U.S. to Brazil nil. The sale of surplus commodities is, in fact, a way of utilizing them in a constructive way, thus avoiding storage and deterioration costs in the U.S. In a word: the American taxpayer has *gained* more than he has *lost* in his government's transactions with Brazil.

On the subject of inflation, Campos further says: "There is a tendency in the United States to look at inflation from a moralistic rather than a sociological point of view, as if it were a display of moral laxity and not the result of irresistible distributive pressures in an environment characterized by adverse trade conditions for exporters of primary products." Brazil's inflation, though excessive, has been matched by a yearly economic growth rate of 6 per cent to 7 per cent over the last decade. A policy of austerity, as advocated by the United States, has led other Latin American countries to economic stagnation and militaristic take-overs.

Horowitz examines many other phenomena in the course of this amazingly rich, accurate and lucid book, such as Goulart's attempted "independent foreign policy," some basic cultural differences between Brazil and the U.S., the split between pro-Moscow and pro-Peking Brazilian Communists. His overall goal is to answer certain questions: Will the Brazilian revolution be violent? What role will the peasant play? What type of political organization will emerge? Horowitz indicates that Brazil's path toward socialism seems irreversible, but the type of socialism will depend much upon American policy. He attributes the unfulfilled promises of the Alliance for Progress to its ideological limitations — that is, to a concept of land reform without class reform — rather than to a lack of funds. "Perhaps United States policy would be better served by a full-scale support for the final and inevitable Brazilian assault on feudalism than by a costly

"Mr. Todd tells the story of the [Brandeis] confirmation battle with rare perceptiveness, and in a style that fascinates the reader. The volume, once started, is difficult to put down."

—ABRAM L. SACHAR,
President,
Brandeis University

JUSTICE ON TRIAL

By A. L. Todd. The complete story of the explosive events following the appointment of a liberal Jew, Louis D. Brandeis, to the conservative, Christian Supreme Court. $6.50

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and thus largely inept outflanking maneuver." But he also maintains it might be wiser to recognize that a merely "leftist" regime would only achieve by 1965 what the United States had attained by 1865: a formal victory over serfdom. Time is running out, the author tells us, for peaceful alternatives to the Brazilian revolution. In judging the validity of this message, it should be noted that Horowitz anticipated the events of last April when he wrote months earlier, ". . . the present course of action can result in a right-wing coup which would . . . hasten the revolutionary process in the long run." The jailing of 20,000 "leftists," the deprivation of the political rights of moderate ex-Presidents Quadros and Kubitschek, sociologist Josue de Castro and economist Celso Furtado—all this hardly indicates that the present regime is headed in a reformist direction.

This reviewer disagrees with Horowitz only in that time already seems to have run out. There are hard reasons why the United States is not in a position to prevent a violent revolution; briefly: (1) the policies — which operate simultaneously and sometimes in mutual contradiction — of the State Department, private business concerns and certain agencies (Pentagon, CIA, etc.). When the chips are down, it is the last which prevail. (2) A decisive segment of the Brazilian elite, which would rather lose everything than negotiate. (3) The American ideology of free enterprise—a myth still as staunchly maintained here as Marxism is in the USSR — which does not permit the United States to support a Socialist revolution. An extreme and radical revolution in Brazil seems inevitable, a revolution supported by the peasantry and the urban sub-proletariat, but led by the peasantry (not necessarily, however, the peasant leagues of Juliao). In short, a revolution along Chinese lines.

Louis Wiznitzer is the U.S. correspondent for Diario de Noticias, *a Rio de Janeiro newspaper, and Latin American editor of* Atlas; *as a journalist, he has covered the Soviet Union, China, Southeast Asia, Cuba, etc.*

The Mother of Chianti

BOTH SIDES OF THE OCEAN. By Viktor Nekrasov. Translated by Elias Kulukundis. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 191 pp. $4.50.

Warren Miller

After a long full day of writing letters to stubborn civil rights Senators, what does he do for relaxation, your average finger-cramped Bircher? God knows. One day, however, he is almost certain to read a book — perhaps this book — and then, all hell is going to break loose. It'll be no good crying, "Paranoia!" or even, with weary tolerance, "Come now"; for the outraged Bircher will have all the facts on his side and Logic itself working for him. No use denying it: Khrushchev has in fact been dictating to American publishers what Soviet books are to be translated and published here. As everyone but the Birchers realizes, Khrushchev has dominated our literary scene since *Zhivago*. A mild rebuke from him and the Soviet author knows that half a dozen New York houses will bid for the chance to seize him and his book in their capitalist embrace. A sharp reprimand insures banishment to dread Dutton or, worse (because he pays no royalties), to the Sakhalin of Praeger; and sometimes there is transportation to the frozen wastes of *Show* as well. Actual expulsion from the party may bring his work dramatization on Bob Hope's Chrysler Theatre. Pity the poor Red writer! Who would change places with him?

The publishers of this book, knowing full well their extra-literary responsibility, sent out a PR packet; the covering press release notes that the "controversy which Nekrasov caused in Russia has made headlines and an editorial in *The New York Times*. See attached." And by George, there they are, in documentary black and white, the no-nonsense headlines: KHRUSHCHEV URGES PARTY TO BAR WRITER WHO ADMIRED U.S.

Our publishers, like the state publishing houses of Eastern Europe, are so concerned with their duty to country, so eager to line up and pay their cold-war dues, that they too often forget their primary duty to literature. The press release has taken primacy over the book itself; and, in this case, the book itself is silly, trivial and pedestrian. If K. had not spoken up and showered his author with fame and fortune, these insipid travel notes would have been left to yellow in the pages of *Novy Mir*, ignored (I suspect), even by the hungry young men in our various Russian institutes.

Nekrasov's writing is painfully reminiscent of those books written fifty years ago by Ladies of the Pen: *My Italian Travel Notes*, with illustrations by the author. His writing has a burbling quality; the glorious wonders of Abroad are too much for him, cannot be contained. He does not write; he gushes. Before the Michelangelo in the San Lorenzo chapel, his "cursed brain won't be quiet":

> *It keeps asking questions. Why? Why? What is the meaning of the unfinished hand of "Night" resting on the mask of sleep? Is it an accident? . . . Why is the left hand of the infant Christ unfinished? Why is it obviously incorrect anatomically? . . . No, we still haven't solved these mysteries, even in our era of the split atom and the space ship. . . .*

Nekrasov rhapsodizes over Siena and, even allowing for the possibility of an atrocious translation (which I cannot judge), he sounds like a tourist bureau's brochure:

> *Siena is the birthplace of the Sienese school. Siena is the heart of Tuscany, the center of the wine industry, the mother of Chianti. . . . And in addition, Siena is strikingly beautiful, perched on the crest of her hills.*

And like all travelers of his kind, he can claim what is foreign only by making it cosy; the good man is reminded of home:

> *Looking at the towers of San Gimignano, I couldn't help thinking of the towers of Svanetia in Georgia.*

Or later:

> *As we left San Gimignano behind us . . . I could not help thinking of my native Kiev.*

And here are two examples of the "new Soviet Communist humanism" which, we are asked to believe, is causing K. sleepless nights:

> *By the way, when young people dance the twist together, it is a very engaging sight; I might even say a beautiful one. . . .*
>
> *And we strolled along the quiet walks of the English cemetery . . . and plucked a flower of remembrance from the graves of Shelley and Keats. . . .*

Off to America at last, and profundities proliferate, the style soars:

> *Whatever you say, I think it's amazing. In one day you can get halfway around the earth. In the morning we were in frosty, snowy*

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Moscow, and twenty hours later we were carrying our coats over our arms, in New York City.

Ernest Simmons, author of those admirable biographies of Tolstoy and Chekhov, finds this book a "brilliant version of the new Soviet Communist humanism" and a "plea for ideological and cultural coexistence between East and West which the Party condemns as heresy." It may be both these things, but "brilliant" it is not, and brilliant—or at least original —it must be if the plea is to have any appeal. Who wants to join hands with Ouida?

One is left feeling terribly sad. Nekrasov, aged 50, only recently *heard* of Kafka; Nanny has kept away the measles and the mumps but her charges are backward. The overprotected always are. In spite of the threats of expulsion, the reprimands and charges of heresy, Nekrasov strikes one as a spoiled darling, a terrible phrase. Dostoevski's seminary student used it against the intellectuals in *The Possessed*, and it still applies. Khrushchev's attacks on Soviet writers are part of the dreadful game of giving spurious life to a moribund party; a game which offers the show of discussion and controversy in the absence of the necessary real thing.

Still, Nekrasov might answer to all this, still, my dear comrade in P.E.N., wouldn't you like to live in a country where they take writers seriously?

Warren Miller is the author of The Cool World, Ninety Miles from Home *(both Little, Brown) and most recently,* Looking for the General *(McGraw-Hill). His new novel* The Siege of Harlem *will be published in August.*

The Bobbsey Twins at an Orgy

William Jay Smith

An American poet once remarked that he could not remember what he had done in life before learning to read. Reading is indeed for children the beginning of the world — the world expanding in every direction, all the fact and fantasy of life — and how disheartening it is to see limits placed upon this world by the masses of bad books that pour off the presses year after year. W. H. Auden speaks in one poem of the "novels by co-eds" that "rain down on our defenseless heads," but that downpour is nothing beside the avalanche of dull, insipid, tastelessly illustrated, expensive children's books that sweeps down every spring and fall. These volumes are also written by coeds as well as by fourth-rate teachers, frustrated and fussy librarians, itchy children's book editors and hearty scoutmasters.

Some of the worst drivel is intended for the teen-age market. *Donna Parker in Hollywood*, which sells in drugstores for 59c, begins thus: " 'So this is California!' Donna thought. Pools, studios, celebrities, blue skies! And, for a girl on her first trip west, more excitement, more fun than seemed possible. From the moment the handsome boy sat down beside her in the plane, Donna knew this trip was going to be *special.*" (And, one is tempted to add, a good many years and a good many husbands later Donna woke up to realize that this special excitement was not life.) If the anguished parent thinks that by paying $2 or $3 more he can provide his daughter with something better, he is frequently mistaken. The carriage-trade version, expensively bound and illustrated, is probably entitled *Nancy at Newport.* The imaginative fare for boys is just as bad; one book advertised this season relates the adventures of a horse that played outfield, but that one I have not examined. In the hope of finding the diet improved for younger readers, I looked at *Our New Baby's ABC* by Beman Lord (pictures by Velmy Ilsley, Henry Z. Walck, $2.95), which is designed for children 2 years old and up. It tells in alphabetical form about the "new baby at our house," all the way from A for Applesauce to Z for Zwieback. The text, together with the cute illustrations executed by a former fashion illustrator, is enough to make any self-respecting baby rush to turn on *Gunsmoke.*

Television and comic books, with their gaudy monsters and their creaking but action-filled plots, are the natural outlet for the child who knows that horror and violence are very much a part of this world, and who does not find them in the fiction offered at the bookstore or library. With factual and scientific books he makes out better; most of the imagination expended in the production of children's books goes into them; they are often extremely well written and full of insight. (The books in the American Heritage series are good examples.) It is ironic, however, that in the Soviet Union, where such stress is put on science, reading begins with selections from the greatest poets, and fairy tales are revered. Most Russian beginners' books are in verse, and the modern Soviet children's poet is honored in a way quite unimaginable in this country where no literary prize for children's literature — and there have been many over the years—has, to my knowledge, ever been given for poetry.

The publication of children's books thrives on an ever-increasing array of untalented writers and illustrators. At a recent meeting of the Authors Guild, it was pointed out that sales of juvenile books have increased 225 per cent in the past ten years; that the publisher of children's books has the advantage of a huge institutional market; and that he makes three-fourths of his sales from his back list. He also makes a larger profit from the money he puts into children's books for the simple reason that he pays out less in royalties to the writer of juveniles than he does to the writer of adult books. And so the level of mediocrity is successfully maintained by what amounts at times to a large supply of slave labor.

One of the chief reasons for the fact that the children's writer receives so little of the profit being made is the virtual tyranny of the illustrator. Ten years ago, with beginners' books, publishers looked for a good text and then went out and found an illustrator to do appropriate pictures for it. Today, not only do the illustrations often come first but they so overshadow the text that frequently even a good text is wholly lost. It is now standard procedure for many publishers not to accept a text until an illustrator approves of it and agrees to take it over. And take it over he usually does: the sort of collaboration that once existed between writer and illustrator is rare today, and the visual element predominates. The result is the beginner's nonbook — a package of gaudy illustrations often done by those who make their living in advertising — and every year the package becomes more expensive. Parents in the end are responsible for continuing the situation: instead of picking up a book and examining the text, they let themselves be dazzled by its façade. Anyone who has watched a small child examine the *Oxford Book of*

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Nursery Rhymes knows that his eye is enchanted by the simplest black-and-white woodcut when the detail is exquisitely executed.

A recent book by Maurice Sendak, *Where The Wild Things Are* (Harper & Row; $3.50), which was the winner of the 1964 Caldecott Award for the most distinguished picture book of the year, demonstrates some of the problems of illustration. Mr. Sendak is without a doubt one of the finest illustrators of children's books, but he is not a writer. The text of this volume, which the University of Chicago Graduate Library School found to have a "lovely lyric quality," is absolutely lacking in the rhythmic flow that a single page of Beatrix Potter possesses. There is simply no verbal wildness; the creatures that Mr. Sendak has so brilliantly drawn, hanging from trees in a fantastic wilderness, seem to exist in a state of suspension. Fantasy, true fantasy, demands its verbal advocates.

For all the continuing emphasis on illustration, an interesting development in children's books has taken place in recent years. A decade ago it was almost impossible to find a publisher for a collection of children's poems; while A. A. Milne's volumes continued to prosper, few publishers felt there was any market for a book by a new, native poet. That situation has changed, and poetry is now acceptable. Little of what is published and praised is in any true sense poetry, but of late publishers have attempted to enlist the support of real poets. Sometimes the results are unfortunate (not all good poets can necessarily write for children); frequently they have been encouraging.

Among poets who have produced work of merit are Theodore Roethke, John Ciardi, Richard Wilbur and Randall Jarrell. Mr. Jarrell's *The Bat-Poet* (pictures by Maurice Sendak, Macmillan, $2.75) has been hailed as a masterpiece, and if it is not quite that, it is well worth attention. *The Bat-Poet* concerns a "little light brown bat, the color of coffee with cream in it," who finds that he cannot sleep by day; he begins to discover the daylight world and the creatures who inhabit it — the squirrels and chipmunks, the cardinals, blue jays and chickadees. As he listens to the mockingbird, he tries to make up a song, to imitate other creatures. Only the chipmunk will listen to his efforts. His fellow bats, who have deserted the porch for the barn, cannot understand his poems at all. *The Bat-Poet* is in essence about imitation — about poetry; it has some fine imaginative detail and the mood is warm and welcoming. Here is the cardinal feeding his young: "The father was such a beautiful clear bright red, with his tall crest the wind rippled like fur, that it didn't seem right for him to be so harried and useful and hard-working: it was like seeing a general in a red uniform washing hundreds and hundreds of dishes." Yet for all its delicate precision, the book lacks the dramatic element that great children's books always possess. Nothing really happens in *The Bat-Poet*, and no character emerges distinctly as a character. There is nothing very batty about the bat and the style of the bat's poems has little of the airiness of a flickering, fluttering creature. Still, Jarrell's book contains a mystery and magic rarely met with today, and these qualities are also present in Maurice Sendak's carefully detailed

Current Titles of Interest to 'Nation' Readers

THE MYTHMAKERS. Bernard D. Nossiter. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

An essay on power and wealth by one of the country's most influential economic reporters, a staff member of *The Washington Post* and a *Nation* contributor.

A PIECE OF LETTUCE. George P. Elliott. Random House. $4.95.

Several of these essays on books, personal beliefs and Americana first appeared in *The Nation.*

MARK THE GLOVE BOY. Mark Harris. Macmillan. $3.95.

Reminiscences of Nixon's gubernatorial campaign in 1962 which Mr. Harris covered for *Life*; hopefully subtitled "The Last Days of Richard Nixon."

THE PUBLIC PAYS AND STILL PAYS: A Study of Power Propaganda. Ernest Gruening. Vanguard. $2.25 paper.

An analysis of public utilities and their attempts to persuade the consumer that he is getting the least expensive service available. Originally published in 1931, Senator Gruening, one-time editor of *The Nation*, has written a new introduction.

BLUE BOY ON SKATES. M. L. Rosenthal. Oxford. $3.75.

A first collection of poems by a distinguished poet and critic who was poetry editor of *The Nation* from 1956 to 1961.

AFTER NORA SLAMMED THE DOOR. Eve Merriam. World. $4.95.

The women's revolution has never really been completed. Miss Merriam examines various aspects of the stall-in.

WHY WE CAN'T WAIT. Martin Luther King, Jr. Harper & Row. $3.50.

A leading spokesman in the struggle for Negro equality spells out the full political implications of the movement in an election year.

FREEDOM NOW! Edited by Alan F. Westin. Basic Books. $5.95.

Loren Miller's essay "Freedom Now —But What Then?" which first appeared in *The Nation* is reprinted in this anthology of pieces on the civil rights struggle in America.

STRATEGY AND CONSCIENCE. Anatol Rapoport. Harper & Row. $6.95.

The author, a mathematician and psychologist, and a *Nation* contributor, believes the lethal dreamers responsible for our military strategy today have been seduced by science, without mastering its more sophisticated paradoxes, and that their reasoning is assailable on scientific grounds.

THE LONG ROAD HOME: The Autobiography of a Maverick. James P. Warburg. Doubleday. $5.95.

Often called America's foremost pamphleteer, James Warburg chronicles a lifetime of rugged participation in American public life.

MEN AND MACHINES. Photo story by Otto Hagel. Text by Louis Goldblatt. Men and Machines Press. $2.

An illustrated profile of longshoring on the West Coast waterfront today.

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illustrations. (Mr. Sendak is here far more lyrical — and wild — than in his own *Where The Wild Things Are.*)

Another of the best books by a poet to appear is *Loudmouse* by Richard Wilbur (Modern Masters Books for Children, Crowell-Collier, $1.98). The Modern Masters series was under the general editorship of Louis Untermeyer, whose plan was to have writers who had not written specifically for children before compose books for beginners; Robert Graves, Shirley Jackson, William Saroyan and others contributed. As so often happens with a project of this sort, the series was reviewed en bloc, and reviewers passed over some of the best individual titles. *The Horn Book*, whose influence with children's libraries is considerable, simply dismissed the entire thing as unworthy of attention because the text of the volumes had been based on a word list. The idea of such a list is anathema to any writer, and it is certainly the wrong approach for children who should be encouraged from the very beginning to stretch their muscles. But none of the best writers — and certainly the group is uneven — evidence a sense of constriction because of the list; writing for the young is not for serious writers an act of prostitution. A gifted and experienced poet like Richard Wilbur is capable of writing simply, without being condescending.

Mr. Edward Blishen, editor of the *Oxford Book of Poetry for Children* (with illustrations by Brian Wildsmith, Franklin Watts, $7.95), has this to say in his introduction: "A poem simple in language and form can contain a difficult idea: a big poem with long words can say something quite straightforward." And the same thing applies everywhere; parents should remember this in looking for books at any age level.

A last word about the *Oxford Book.* Anthologies of poetry always receive more notice than individual volumes and it is regrettable that a collection as fine as the Oxford should contain superb poems by British poets and nothing by Americans except for "Casey Jones" and "The Purple Cow" of Gelett Burgess. (The author of the latter is given, incredibly, as "Anon.") But the illustrations are magnificent and, more important, thoroughly integrated with the text — a tribute to the fact that children still look for the words, the great words, their heritage.

William Jay Smith, Poet in Residence at Williams College, has written seven books for children, the first of which, Laughing Time *(Atlantic-Little, Brown) appeared in 1955. His most recent work is* Ho for a Hat!

Paying The New Jazz Dues

Nat Hentoff

Some weeks ago, Eric Dolphy, an explosively original jazz saxophonist and clarinetist, left for Europe as a sideman with a small combo. He isn't coming back. I asked a musician friend of his why Dolphy had decided to become an expatriate. "Nothing's happening here," was the answer. "If he has to scuffle over there, at least he'll have a change of scenery."

Dolphy and a few others excepted, the younger *avant-garde* jazz players remain, although their expectations are increasingly bleak. Jazz was never a "popular" music; but by contrast with the present, there have been periods during which it made partial breakthroughs to a sizable public, thereby providing reasonably steady work for the uncompromising improvisers as well as for the popularizers.

In the 1930s, for example, big bands were the vogue among young audiences and a disproportionate share of the proceeds went to such imitative, mostly white, quasi-jazz orchestras as those of Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw and the Dorsey brothers. But there was enough ballroom and theatre work for scores of less publicized, mostly Negro, full-strength jazz bands. Young apprentices, moreover, could acquire their initial training—and pay—in the ranks of those orchestras. Today there are less than half a dozen regularly working big jazz bands in the country.

There was another rise of moderate popular interest in jazz in the 1950s. The folk renascence had not yet begun; and in addition, the modern jazz innovations of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, which had seemed so forbiddingly revolutionary a few years before, turned out to be relatively easy to assimilate after all. This was a period, moreover, during which a succession of feverishly publicized, factitious "schools" of jazz attracted a succession of transitory listeners who were more interested in being currently hip than in reacting to the music itself. Considerable quantities of records were sold and some jazz clubs prospered as the cycle moved through the "cool" and essentially hollow West Coast jazz upsurge; the earnest, awkward "art" of Dave Brubeck with its particular appeal to college students ("he studied with Milhaud, man"); and the "soul music" of Negro hard-swingers who knew that one vein their white colleagues couldn't exploit was a return to the gospel roots.

The fads are over. An attempt by record companies last year to make a killing by mating the fragile "bossa nova" (a bittersweet, Brazilian-based idiom) with jazz temporarily enriched only a few of the earliest riders on that wave. Today, the average jazz album sells under 5,000 copies in the United States—usually well under. The jazz night clubs are dwindling, and as they disappear, the owners of those left take fewer and fewer chances on unknowns. The Five Spot on New York's lower East Side, for instance, is one of the few inviting jazz rooms left in the city and it used to provide an intermittent forum for jazzmen on the way up. But now, the Five Spot has contracted with Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins and Charles Mingus to divide a whole year's booking among them.

The new exploratory jazzmen scramble for what gigs they can find, break up their groups if they can locate a sideman's job in a quasi-commercial unit, or entertain themselves and a few friends through casual "concerts" in lofts. Don Cherry, an experimental trumpeter and composer, excitedly told me not long ago about a new piece he had finished. I asked him where it was going to be premièred and he looked at me as if I'd been away for a very long time: "Why, in a loft, man."

The growing depopularization of "live" jazz has several causes. One is the profusion of all kinds of jazz on FM, along with the continued overproduction of recordings. The disks don't sell well; but since production costs are low (most jazzmen regard royalty statements as exceedingly exotic phenomena), the small jazz labels can at least survive by keeping their catalogues replenished. A jazz partisan, therefore, can spend a much cheaper evening at home, sure of the brand of his liquor, than at a club. And most of the remaining clubs are hardly optimum places in which to hear

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Moon Poems

Sunday Nov 11th 1962 10:45 PM

The night has come on like a woman sleeping
Like a house full of women, taking sleeping pills.
Their cheeks are puffy and blown up like
the face of the full moon.

In their ears ring the hymns of the holy night
And music the sound of the lotus
unwrapping.
We have come through the desert to this cool place
where the lotus grows

And we eat their leaves in our opium pipes.
The organs of our body unroll in the church
of our hearts
Sounds so holy and laden with music

That our cheeks are swollen and blown
up by the sound

Of the poppy crashing against the clouds in the sky.
And our eyes are pinned with the dilemma
of dying
And our voices low in the kitchen of the moon
cooking fires.

Thursday November 15th

10:25 PM
The Serpent's Hiss

Cold comes creeping in the window
And in the sky searchlights sweep
countryside
O frozen loneliness that will not thaw
Nor let me sleep.

I count the minutes until dawn
And suppress the stars that wheel in the
deep

Ocean of space, where we will lie
Until our dust mingles with the fathom
less abyss

Of time; all air is ours to fly
Amid the rose petals of some forgotten
hand.

That flowers in the night like moon.

John Wieners

Changes

I have hung and hung around.
When I say so, nothing changes.

Do cranes tip over?
Cranes tip over.
Also, houses burn.

In the forest I come to a clearing.
In the rain the trees overcome me.

I am liked. I give in.
I am swallowed in wood.

Upright birds. A sense of well being.
At last I look up with both hands.

Marvin Bell

Colloquy

If now we two
Under the river
Open our eyes
The fish will scatter, singing.

You breathe beneath
A mountain, pause,
Counting the fires
That sing in hollow earth.

I have a house
Upon my shoulders;
A poplar swings
Each weatherside of me.

I hear the grass
Whistle forward,
Catch the rain in
A song reticent like wind.

So all we need
We had, alive;
You were already
The light's perpetual ear;

I said nothing
But what was sun,
Shadow, water;
A dead man with a mouth.

David Posner

Hawthorn

The top beside the head
of a vertical cement stair
a hawthorn tree
patiently is gathering strength
for the jump.

In the prolonged wet & cold
a tree has difficulties;
traffic-vapor coats the buds,
the roots agitate
a rotting water.

A jump into what?
The necessity
to make seed is patient,
a repeated tug.

Small birds
quick as raindrops
skip on the greening sticks.

Getting oily pollen
on their feet,
knocking off petals
scented, oval, glistening.

The tree
fills with a huge breath;
gets on with its work.

Eve Triem

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music. "Acoustics?" drummer Max Roach grimaced when I once asked him about a room he had played in Chicago. "I was so dragged there I brought in a man to fix the sound system and paid him myself. And I paid for a piano tuner too."

The main reason, however, for the grim economic prospects which the current jazz *avant-garde* faces is that the music has been changing radically in the past few years. The established, more or less predictable players can still make a comfortable income from jazz; but those developing the multiple directions of the "new thing" —as one critic helplessly labeled the diversity of current explorations—have yet to find enough of an audience to support them.

Norman Granz, former Jazz-at-the-Philharmonic impresario and now himself an expatriate (but a rich one) is quite correct when he says, "Jazz blew it in terms of young people. They have turned to things that have the beat. So there is no new crop of fans. And since that's been going on for some years, there are few young adult fans. Also, folk music has drained off a tremendous amount of the potential jazz audience."

Jazz "blew it," to be more accurate, in terms of those young people who want to be "in" but who don't want to work at being hip. As the music broke away—more daringly than it ever had before—from conventional harmonic, rhythmic and melodic practices, the plaint of conservative jazz listeners in the 1940s ("where's the melody?") became even more indignant twenty years later ("where's the beat and whatever happened to the happy sound?").

Some of the newer jazz makers are indeed working with rhythms that are often implicit and elusive rather than insistently stressed (Jimmy Giuffre, *Free Fall*, Columbia CL 1964, stereo CS 8764). Some are also concentrating on extracting more "human," speech-like cadences and pitches from their instruments while also abandoning nearly all previous chordal basing points (Ornette Coleman, *Ornette!*, Atlantic 1378, stereo S-1378; Eric Dolphy, *Far Cry*, New Jazz 8252). Others are creating jazz of unprecedented density and complexity which requires of the listener a willingness to participate as fully and boldly in the experience as he would—or should—for advanced classical music (Cecil Taylor, *Cafe Montmartre*, Fantasy 6014, stereo 86014). Still others, who have not yet been recorded, are fusing their jazz with the techniques of electronic music.

Despite the pre-set lamentations of the more resistant critics and of such chronically square observers as those at *Time* ("there is none of the throbbing, wailing excitement that jazz grew up on"), the most persuasive practitioners of the various "new things" can communicate emotions that are as raw and raging—and sometimes as sweepingly euphoric—as those of their relatively less complicated predecessors. Illustrations include *Jimmy Woods*, Contemporary 3605, stereo 7605, and John Coltrane's *Live at the Village Vanguard*, Impulse 10, stereo S-10.

The difference now is that one has to hear this music straight, if one is to expose oneself to it at all, because these musicians will no longer submerge their jazz as background for dancing or for show-biz acts. Furthermore, although jazz at its best has always been a "sound of surprise," the surprises now being thrust at the listener by the Colemans, Taylors and Coltranes are often fiercely disturbing. They insistently test the emotional capacities of the hearer as well as the player. It costs more dues to be hip today.

A few of the *avant-garde* are doing well economically, but usually, there is an extra-musical explanation. John Coltrane, for example, acquired a following through his years as a sideman with the widely popular Miles Davis, so that he was established before he made his leap ahead. Sonny Rollins, for another, attracted much attention a few years ago because he not only took a year's sabbatical away from jazz to re-evaluate his life but was also discovered to be practicing alone high up on the Brooklyn Bridge. The latter image of the saxophonist confronting the elements in a Walt Whitman-like stance has made Sonny an eccentric to the camp followers of the hip, and thus a comparatively good draw.

Unfortunately, so far as their incomes are concerned, the majority of the other *avant-gardists* do not appear at all eccentric. All they have going for them is their music, and there simply isn't a large enough audience, in or out of jazz, for their quality of inventiveness and emotional depth. (In literature, after all, Norman Fruchter's *Coat Upon a Stick* goes

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largely unnoticed while hosannas to *Catch-22* still echo.)

For the venturesome among the new generation of jazzmen, all illusions about jazz as a "popular" music are being destroyed. Inevitably, jazz, if it were to grow, had to become an art music in the nonpejorative sense of the term. It has; and therefore its interpreters are now paying the dues of being artists. As "entertainers," these musicians have more economic viability.

What will happen to them? They may find some work as clubs are established for their kind of music in college towns and in some of the big cities—clubs whose owners expect no more than a modest return from modest audiences. Eventually, reoriented young promoters will also probably be able to set up small concert wheels for the best of them. And there is always the possibility of a quick trip to Europe, particularly to Denmark which is becoming unusually receptive to the "new thing"—in small portions. Some jazzmen may also join Eric Dolphy as expatriates, but those who do are not likely to escape economic insecurity; long-term prospects for the popularization of experimental jazz are as dour in Europe as they are here.

One young drummer in an *avant-garde* unit recently got onto the Five Spot stand—but not with his own group—during a benefit performance which needed a series of all kinds of musicians to keep the afternoon going. Afterward, he spoke sourly of a tour he was about to start as a sideman with an unchallenging, established jazz combo. "It sure takes a long time to make it," he brooded, "much longer than I ever thought it would." Another musician laughed. "Man, you're making it now. You're playing, aren't you?"

Nat Hentoff is the author of The Jazz Life *(Dial), and edited, with Nat Shapiro,* Hear Me Talkin' to Ya *(Rinehart), the story of jazz as told by musicians themselves.*

FILMS

THE FAMILY OF OZU

The Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art marked the reopening of the enlarged building with a small festival of pictures by the late Japanese director Yasujiro Ozu. Two or three of the six films will be put into commercial distribution. Programs of this sort should be planned more often; like a one-man show of painting or sculpture, the films supplement one another to give perspective and shape to a director's talent.

In Ozu's case juxtaposition is especially rewarding, because his pictures are less notable as autonomous narratives than as chapters in his continuing absorption with personality and family relationships. It is not for their stories but for the quality of the life they show that one remembers such pictures as *Early Spring, Tokyo Story, Late Autumn;* indeed, in retrospect they tend to fuse into one large group study—an association encouraged because Ozu dealt almost exclusively with middle-class domestic life and because, like Bergman, Clair and a few other creative directors, he gathered about him a small group of actors who responded to his temperament and exemplified his convictions.

The screenings at the Modern were the American debut of a man who started directing in 1927, and who made more than fifty films in his lifetime. Ozu had a name in his own country for being the most Japanese of directors; it seems to me a largely meaningless designation—would anyone care to name the most American, most French, most Italian director? —but it was probably effective in limiting his export. The notion that only a Japanese audience could savor the gentle, almost uninflected, wisdom of Ozu's best work may have been flattering to the national ego, but it is not true. On the contrary, since he turns customs and manners transparent in his concern for immediate human contact, he "translates" very well.

What is true is that with Ozu you must adjust your expectation of dramatic content, but I have seen enough films by his fellow directors to believe that this would be as true for Japanese viewers as for any others. It is not usual in Japan to devote two hours, as in *Tokyo Story,* to tell of an elderly couple who make the trip from the provinces to the big city to visit their children, only to find the children rather too busy (and less successful than their parents had hoped) to welcome the visit. They cut short their stay and return home, where the mother soon dies. The children, summoned to her side, rush off as quickly as possible after the funeral, and the father is left to look into the future with such resolution as he can muster.

That is the way life is, says Ozu, and the way life is provides the only story he has to tell. It sums up to saying that we shall have to settle for less than we wanted, that we cannot love as much as we would or be loved as much as we need; but that nevertheless other human beings are the only worth of life and that we reach out to them by the small observances of custom and cherish them by forbearance. Under Ozu's influence one hestitates to call this melancholy: What! Had you thought yourself immortal and your sons and brothers heroes? But it is clear-eyed to the point of implacability, and the more so because the characters in Ozu's pictures are not sustained by the adrenalin of drama or set apart by crisis.

Ozu's contra-theatrical approach brings you closer to his people than you are often brought to anyone in real life. It is almost frightening how well you come to know them in a couple of not very active hours; it makes you realize that you go along in real life with your understanding hooded. The power of his method is best demonstrated by one film in which, to a considerable degree, he deserted it. Among the pictures shown at the Museum, two — *Late Spring* and *Late Autumn*— share an almost identical plot. A girl in her 20s is living with a widowed parent toward whom she feels such deep affection that she is unwilling to accept a suitor. A time comes, however, when it seems that the parent contemplates remarriage. The girl is first revolted by the notion, then reconciled to it, then willing to look toward a marriage for herself. Her wedding takes place and the parent, who had had no intention of marrying, is left alone in the home they had shared so long together. In the first picture, made in 1949, Ozu gave his performers no story material beyond the most ordinary comings and goings of daily life and the small, affectionate conversation between father and daughter, and a very few close friends. The depth of feeling is engendered by one's growing awareness of the ret-

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icent love the two have for each other, one's realization that they are both obliged to discipline their inclinations to the process of life. When he reworked the theme as *Late Autumn* in 1960, Ozu made the mother the surviving parent, which lightens the emotional situation, and enlisted three old friends of the dead father as somewhat farcical matchmakers for both mother and daughter. It is by far the liveliest of his pictures that I have seen, and comes much closer to one's normal expectations for excellent screen entertainment. In large measure, though, its conspiratorial comedy masks the deep and satisfying evocation of personality that is Ozu's real greatness.

Still to mention is the matter of Ozu's technical artistry. In the absence of events, he supplies his pictures with meter. They move to an almost organic beat; the form they take is of a series of large ellipses that return again and again to certain key images—a tree, the corner of a street, a woman at her housework, a small sake shop, factory chimneys—that he establishes early in a picture and that punctuate into major segments the mosaic of incidents by which he amasses a domestic community.

His camera work is ascetic; he uses no fades, no dissolves, he never departs from the most natural vantage point and moves his cameras as little as possible. The pictures are edited by straight cuts from scene to scene—their beauty arises from the content of the scene, every object making its full effect in compositions of lean elegance, and from a sense of timing that knows precisely when to turn the page. Ozu will sometimes flip a scene before you have quite grasped it, letting you puzzle for a sequence or two before he goes back and allows it to play out. It is a way of creating suspense with rhythm, his substitute for drama.

I said earlier that Ozu worked with a small group of actors—he would almost have been forced to, considering the demands he makes on them. A false note in a battle royal will scarcely be noticed, but it will fall like a lead coin in a scene that requires a man to come home in the evening and tell his wife that nothing much happened at the office but the train was hot and crowded. A film in which actors must create significant people without once raising their voices or meeting a single surprise is as formidable a challenge as the craft offers. Ozu's casts seem quite literally to live their parts. Though they changed relationships from time to time, they continued to be engaged in his compassionate but unblinking concern for the rigors of perfectly ordinary life.

There is one aspect of Ozu's films (and other Japanese films of present-day life) that I mention with some diffidence because I do not know what it feels like to a Japanese. That is the ambivalence of Japan's present mores, its contemporary style, caught as it is between East and West. In dress, in manner of greeting, in the way they sit, in their modes of address; in all these indispensable details of life, the Japanese seem to follow Western precedents out of a feeling that it is necessary, and to revert as often as they think they can to at least an approximation of their traditional patterns. What effect does it have on a people to sit one way to earn its bread and another way to eat it; to dress according to the standards of a foreign culture and not for its own taste and comfort? Most Japanese men and women, it would seem from these films, shift a dozen times a day from our world to their world; it is clear that they prefer their own—they relax into it, they become more vivid when they are in it—and clear that they lack conviction for their preference. I cannot estimate what strain this must be, but to a Western viewer it gives the pictures a certain edginess that the Japanese, being immersed in it, may not feel.

ROBERT HATCH

RECORDS

BACH: *The Musical Offering.* The Wiener Solisten, Wilfred Böttcher, cond. Bach Guild BG(S) 5070.
Cantatas Nos. 43 ("Gott fähret auf mit Jauchzen"), 182 ("Himmelskönig, sei willkommen"), 80 ("Ein' feste Burg"), 87 ("Bisher habt Ihr nichts gebeten"). Soloists, Heinrich Schütz Chorale; Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra, Fritz Werner, cond. Epic LC 3876/BC 1276; LC 3857/BC 1257.

Webern's instrumentation of the six-part Ricercar from the *Musical Offering* ought to be required listening for anyone attempting to perform any part of the work, or to "realize" the sections where no instrumentation was specified by Bach. Had the Wiener Solisten done so, they might have been discouraged from playing everything in parallel legato "lines" that blur all the essential articulations of Bach's keyboard-oriented polyphony, inanely lining out the "main theme" whenever it appears, and interpolating occasional arbitrary hesitations into the prevailing metronomic thump as a substitute for rhythmic inflection. The real trouble with such performances is their plausible appearance of textural "fidelity": each line in Bach's bare open-score notation for the two Ricercars is quite literally followed through as an instrumental "part"; and since the playing itself is reasonably competent in instrumentalism and ensemble integration, the actually complete distortion of the musical context is hidden from the innocent listener, whose helplessness to detect such deficiencies is guaranteed by the prevalence of this approach in most Bach performances.

The Werner-Epic Cantata series is a happy exception, however, and seems to be continuing on the same level of judicious performance and selection that was noted here previously. Of the present group, the least successful is "Ein' feste Burg," mostly because of a persistent fuzziness in the choral texture and rhythm; but No. 43, which I had not heard before, was a particular discovery as one of those wonderful late Bach works where a structure of marvelous inflections is hung on threads of the simplest external continuity.

BRAHMS: Symphonies Nos. I-IV; *Academic Festival* and *Tragic* Overtures; Variations on a Theme of Haydn. L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond. London CSA 2402.

This album does as little for one's estimation of Ansermet's conductorial competence as most of his recent pseudo-profound writings have done with regard to his eminence as a musical thinker. Ansermet's beat in these works is as weak and unvaried as that of a pit-band conductor, and his way of dividing measures is manifestly contrary to the demands of the scores in an astonishing number of

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instances. But what is most striking in these performances is his unfailing instinct for choosing the precise tempo at which nothing seems to "go," for placing accents where they are most obstrusively inappropriate, for slithering past the most broadly demarcated articulations, and for muffing even the most elementary formal transitions. The result is a trivialization of the music to a degree that one would not have imagined possible — there are moments in the Brahms Symphonies that might be mistaken for badly orchestrated Délibes, which is perhaps a more considerable tour de force than I appreciate. The orchestra also fails to play in tune, together, or at a controlled volume level with enough consistency to reassure one about its status as a professional ensemble.

BRAHMS: *Alto Rhapsody; Song of Destiny;* MAHLER: *Songs of a Wayfarer.* Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano; Columbia ML 5888/MS 6488. HAYDN: Symphonies Nos. 88 and 100. Columbia ML 5886/MS 6486. BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 7. Columbia M2L 290/M2S 690. All with Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, cond.

The most remarkable impression that emerges from the totality of Walter's last recordings is of his ability to impose upon a pickup group of Hollywood musicians the precise individual sound qualities with which he conceived each of the works he approached. Thus, even though the Brahms performances suppress much of the inner detail of rhythm and polyphony from which the real strength of Brahms's developments arises, in favor of a long Wagnerian line (which makes the *Alto Rhapsody* seem like Brahms's *Liebestod*, a parallel that Walter probably intended), the beautiful singing and playing project the authentic sound and shape of the phrases, if not all their essential content. And the Haydn Symphonies have the true gutty sound of the old Vienna Philharmonic: a more highly clotted and viscous sonority than that of the best American orchestras, such as Cleveland and Chicago, but still clear and articulate, so that sonorous masses mesh accurately despite the leisurely pace at which they often approach. The Haydn performances of Walter's last period also seem rather less tampered with than his earlier attempts, but his lifelong proclivity for imposing extreme dynamic contrasts, extended retards, broad sonority and phrasing, and "expressive" exaggerations on Haydn's deceptively straightforward continuity overstuffs the context and blunts its deft and subtle inflective edge.

In Bruckner and Mahler, however, Walter's conducting is entirely on the terms of the works themselves; the Bruckner Seventh is perhaps somewhat less transparent and refined than in other performances, but Walter sustains its continuously progressive unfolding as long as anyone could, with particular impressiveness in the seamless entrances and exits, and the unforced "arrivals" at dynamic and sonorous climaxes. As far as the *Songs of a Wayfarer* are concerned, they have the characteristic quality of most of Walter's Mahler performances, in which one is aware that however superior in some respects subsequent performances may be, Walter's complete faith in the relevance of every detail and nuance of these highly problematic scores enables him to create a uniquely individual coherence and sound image that is unlikely ever to be duplicated.

DVORAK: String Quartet in C, Op. 61. WOLF: *Italienisches Serenade.* Juilliard String Quartet. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2524.

The Juilliard does some of its best recent playing on this record, with a taut, concentrated ensemble that provides a tensile framework within which events can be discerned clearly and connectedly. The Dvorak is an especially impressive achievement, particularly since the Juilliard often tends to tear heedlessly through music that does not offer formidable surface resistance. But the extraordinary originality of the composer's "orchestral" string-quartet writing, in which each instrument is treated like a miniature section, with a characteristically symphonic line of development, seems to have stimulated the players to real heights of interpretive insight, and they project it with breathtaking alertness and comprehension.

The Wolf *Italian Serenade*, on the other hand, is a curious piece of nineteenth-century neoclassicism that wanders from one ingenious connective detail to another, while remaining essentially featureless, as though no real compositional ideas were being connected. The players' responsiveness to every suggestion of a possibly significant event only serves to underline the ultimate futility of the effort.

BENJAMIN BORETZ

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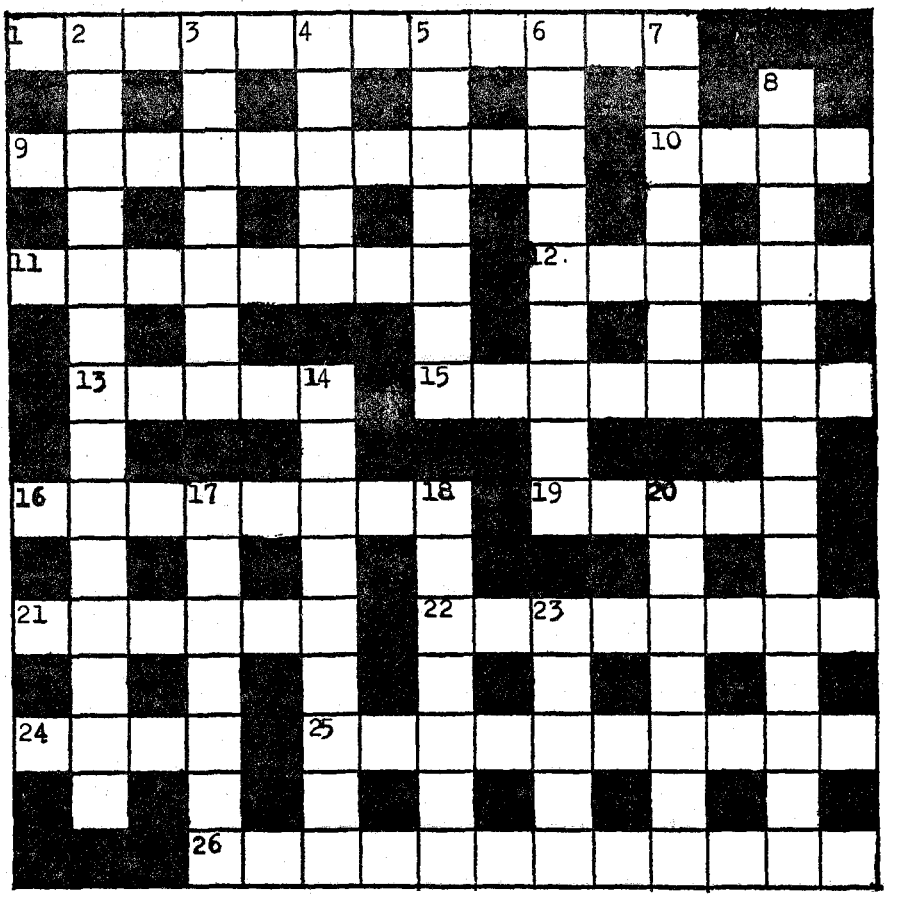
Crossword Puzzle No. 1064

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Feather one's nestlings? Drink to it! (4, 3, 5)
9 Air, not bad to remain around, when fixed. (10)
10 How I hurried to make land! (4)
11 Record employments might go a long ways to improve the record. (8)
12 Can its construction be considered cutting up? (6)
13 The same thing happened to him as happened to Lefty in play. (5)
15 What one on the road might be doing to one on the right. (8)
16 Pat expression? (8)
19 What the pugnacious might do with a little paper. (5)
21 Just in case you get at having a dip around it? (6)
22 Neither snow, nor rain, etc., stays these. (8)
24 At least you might make it do as a mixer. (4)
25 Might it do a stretch with the masseur guild? (6, 4)
26 Get away from here in order to have a division of the city from now on. (12)

DOWN:

2 What might be sailed in the Pacific, or in France what might be pulled out west, over the rolling ocean? (9, 5)
3 Warm drinks are usually seen this way. (7)
4 See 23 down
5 Receive and transmit information? Don't believe it! (7)
6 Elves around the pole, traditionally? (9)
7 Getting lifted up could make the side hot. (7)
8 You have to face up to one and take the proper steps to get along. (7, 7)
14 Three planes are involved in a wild ride north. (9)
17 They used to jocularly say it grew on pa's chin. (7)
18 It might seem weird to get something spicy around the bar, in a way. (7)
20 Its end was associated with the discovery of gold. (7)
23 and 4 down What trawlers do is a sign of warning to handlers. (3, 2, 5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1063

ACROSS: 1 Mark my words; 9 and 11 Lamppost; 10 Lower; 12 Francis; 13 Another; 15 Stranger; 16 Occupy; 18 Befell; 21 Severing; 24 Midriff; 26 Enounce; 28 Ring; 29 and 30 Jewel case; 31 Stabat Mater. DOWN: 2 Appendage; 3 Killing; 4 Yawl; 5 Otranto; 6 Depot; 7 Carrot; 8 Asleep; 17 Corpuscle; 19 Elicit; 20 Left jab; 22 Vanilla; 23 Nicest; 25 and 14 Right cross; 27 Twit.

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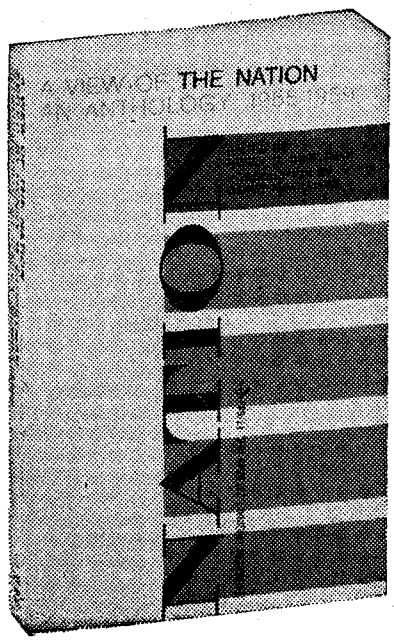

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